

Atlantic

Special Edition

DECEMBER 1982, \$2.50

Insight



*Our best
to you:*

Collected stories from
Atlantic Insight 1979-1982

The writers: Harry Bruce - Alden Nowlan -
Ray Guy - Silver Donald Cameron -
Stephen Kimber - Parker Barss
Donham - Jon Everett -
Amy Zierler - Veronica Ross -
Ralph Surette





The taste of authenticity.

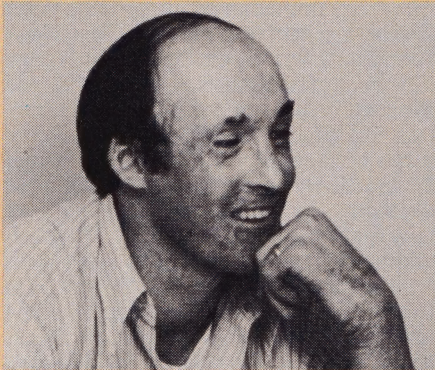
Atlantic Insight

DECEMBER 1982, Vol. 4 No. 12



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Farley Mowat, prophet: Canada's "saga man" was our cover story in October, 1979, the year that he brought out *And No Birds Sang*, the first complete book of new work he'd published since *A Whale for the Killing* in 1972. "What's he like," asked writer Silver Donald Cameron, "this most celebrated of our storytellers?" A man, as it turned out, with qualities not evident from his celebrated public image. Gold award winner, National Magazine Awards Foundation, 1979



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Special Report: In August, 1977, 17 steelworkers were injured in an explosion at the Sydney Steel Corporation's coke ovens on Cape Breton Island. The disaster left some of them maimed and crippled, all of them haunted by their memories of the event. In 1981, Parker Barrs Donham retraced the steps which led to the tragedy and its aftermath and discovered "the poverty-level subsistence provided by the Nova Scotia workers' compensation system." Winner, best magazine article, Atlantic Journalism Awards



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Travel: "To a Canadian," New Brunswick's Alden Nowlan wrote in November, 1979, "even crime in Cuba has a strange innocence about it." Nowlan found, in Castro's Cuba, both friendliness and hostility — not to mention good rum, beer and luscious ice cream. He also found something lacking: Freedom, "a luxury that I'd find it painful to live without." Gold award winner, National Magazine Awards Foundation, 1979



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Fiction: In this short story by the Bridgewater writer Veronica Ross, Robert, a small boy caught in a tangle of changes that make his life a maze of uncertainties, returns to Nova Scotia's South Shore. There, for a brief time, on his uncle's boat, he experiences a world where rules remain rules and change is held at bay. Winner, Publisher's Award for fiction, 1979

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OUR COVER: "THE COLLECTION." Designed and photographed by Bill Richardson and David Nichols

Editor's Letter

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When the first issue of *Atlantic Insight* was published in April, 1979, Frank Moores had just stepped down as premier of Newfoundland. He said he was bored with politics. Our main story bore the prophetic headline, "Say good-bye to cheap energy." Bruce Little, then a freelance writer, now a federal government employee, wrote about the seal hunt; Richard Gwyn wrote about the "eastern connection" (Arnie Patterson, Brian Flemming) in Prime Minister Trudeau's office.

Champion swimmer Nancy Garapick had made a comeback — at the age of 17. Martin Knelman reviewed the epic film of the year, *The Deer Hunter*. In the "Letters" section (we hadn't yet begun to call it "Feedback"), Robert L. Stanfield wrote from the House of Commons that we had "accepted quite a challenge. I hope you never feel you would have been wiser to take up ski-jumping." Richard Hatfield, then as ever, it seems, premier of the province of New Brunswick, wrote, "Such a publication is needed in the Atlantic provinces." Jeremy Akerman, then leader of the Nova Scotia New Democratic Party, now a bureaucrat in the provincial Conservative government, wished the magazine good luck and hoped that "(a) it is good and (b) if so, it succeeds."

Two artists who later became *Atlantic Insight* cover stories wrote to us. Newfoundland's Mary Pratt urged us to "Bring on the class and the glowing color! Give our puritan heritage a kick. We're really rather talented." The Annapolis Valley's Alex Colville said, "I won't wish you luck, because success in this will not depend on luck, but I earnestly hope *Atlantic Insight* will live and thrive." And Harry Bruce, in his first Editor's Letter, headlined "Why Atlantic Canada needs a magazine to call its own," wrote that "*Atlantic Insight* was born in the belief that the people of the Atlantic provinces are different from the people of the rest of Canada. Their history, problems and values are their own."

The belief that gave *Atlantic Insight* birth is the belief that continues to sustain it and we offer you this special edition of the magazine in the conviction that, against formidable obstacles, we've prevailed and kept the faith.

The main problem in putting this issue together has been deciding what to put in. Many articles we wanted to include aren't here. There simply wasn't space.

Some choices were obvious. In our first year, we captured four national



awards. One was for outstanding achievement by a magazine. The other three went to Silver Donald Cameron's profile of the author Farley Mowat (page 4); Alden Nowlan's travel piece — much more than a travel piece, really — on Cuba (page 22); and Veronica Ross's short story, *Whistling* (page 60).

Since then, we've won three more national awards and two regional ones. One of the latter went to Parker Barss Donham's searing portrait of 17 steelworkers injured in an explosion at the Sydney, N.S., plant (page 16).

Many of the stories in this issue didn't win awards but, in our judgment they represent some — not all — of our best: Harry Bruce's superb essay on Crete, which made us all want to pack our bags immediately (page 28). Amy Zierler's sensitive portrait of the Newfoundland writer Cassie Brown (page 52). A Crafts feature on the late Bessie Murray, creator of the Nova Scotia tartan and of the ecclesiastical vestments given permanent visual record on pages 26 and 27. By majority if not unanimous opinion, our favorite column by Ray Guy (page 64) — no easy choice. Stephen Kimber's feature on the boxer Yvon Durelle (page 44) and Jon Everett's on the jockey Ron Turcotte (page 38). The Small Towns portraits of Rustico, P.E.I. (page 10), and Ferryland, Nfld. (page 56). (Our Small Towns don't fit into any awards categories that we know of but they are, by survey, the most widely read feature in the magazine.)

This special edition marks both an end and a beginning: An end to what has been a particularly difficult year in *Atlantic Insight*'s history and the beginning of what we hope will be far better times for the magazine and for the Atlantic provinces. We offer it to you with affection, gratitude and respect.

Marilyn MacDonald



Give what you'd like to get. And vice versa.

"The Best In The House," in 87 lands.

Cover Story

Canada's "saga man" is back with his first big book in seven years. Here, one of his good old friends, a Cape Breton neighbor, celebrates the mind and phenomenon of

Farley Mowat, prophet

By Silver Donald Cameron

The worm of fear is turning in Farley Mowat's guts, melting his knees into jelly, making him ready to scream. Around him stretches a featureless, nightmare landscape of stinking mud, fog, smoke and overcast. The air reeks of cordite, sweat and putrescent flesh. After three years of war, Mowat is ready to break.

The scene is somewhere south of Ortona, Italy. It is Christmas Day, 1943, and Farley Mowat is 22 years old. He has written about that campaign in *The Regiment* (1955). But that book was a history. What did it feel like, that terrible time? What did it do to men's minds and spirits? This fall, Mowat tells that wrenching, private story in *And No Birds Sang*. It's an occasion: His first complete book of new work since *A Whale for the Killing* in 1972. It's been, he grimaces, a long dry spell. Cornered by hyenas of the mind.

What's he like, this most celebrated of our storytellers?

Around the corner of my old cottage, one summer evening, came a smiling, curiously tentative reddish beard surmounted by a pair of merry eyes.

"Oho!" I said. "It's Farley Mowat!"

"That's who," he said. "How are things?"

I had known he was around. At first I discounted the rumor he was buying a place across the bay from mine. The rumor persisted. The local realtor who sold Farley the place had been sworn to secrecy. As a result, the story made CBC radio. Farley's arrival was imminent. Months went by. Farley was impending. More months. Farley was still impending. Farley was in the Magdalens, in Manitoba, in Ontario. Farley was impending.

The hell he was. I relaxed. The last thing I want is an influx of writers and artists and Deep Thinkers into my corner of Cape Breton. Why share paradise?

I have problems enough already, without having to deal diplomatically with prima donnas and dipsomaniacs.

"That's precisely why I came here," said Farley, plunking a bottle of Lemon Hart on the kitchen table. "There's hardly any place left. On the other side of Cape Breton, it's all Winnebagos heading for the Cabot Trail. When I first went to the Magdalens, you never saw a

at the house washing some dishes, which we do once a day. And the phone rang. Like a fool, I answered it. You know who it was?"

I hate to think.

"*The Globe and Mail*! The bloody *Globe and Mail*! How the hell they got hold of the phone number I'll never know. By the way, I'll write it down for you."

"Farley, isn't that sort of a contradiction? You come down here to get away from all that, and the first thing you do is seek out the only other full-time writer for miles and give him your unlisted phone number."

"I'm not hiding from you, I'm hiding from the bloody tour buses!"

He was full of questions. How long had we lived here? Were the people mostly Acadicians? How did they make their livings? How did they react to having a writer in the village? Did I still have my schooner?

An attractive, humorous bit of a man, full of stories and passionate opinions, puffing sporadically on a huge briar, helping himself to the occasional cigarette, radiating good will. Emboldened, Margo confessed she once wrote him a fan letter after reading *People of the Deer* in a college course. She deplored the way the book had been dismantled and ransacked. And Farley wrote a personal reply.

"Good for me!" Farley grinned. "What'd I say?"

"You said, 'Keep fighting the bastards, they'll never win.'"

"Good for me again!"

At the end of the evening, Margo wondered whether he'd like to sleep away the Lemon Hart—but no, said Farley, he was all right.

"Look," he declared, his square body framed in the doorway, "I'm really glad I came here tonight."

"So are we."

"I wasn't sure what kind of recep-



PHOTOGRAPH BY JACK CUSANO/INSIGHT

Mowat: "We'll destroy ourselves," but the world will be better

tourist. Last year, there were over a hundred thousand. *A hundred thousand!* I had tour buses stopping at my gate. *This is the home of Farley Mowat, the famous author. Can you imagine it?*

I can imagine it.

"We've taken serious measures. We don't live in the house here, you know. Oh, no! We live in a travel trailer elsewhere on the property. We don't answer the phone. But you know what happened the other day? I just happened to be

tion I'd get, you know."

"What?"

"Well, younger guys who are struggling along, you know, and I've made it, I don't ever have to write another word. That's why Claire didn't come. We've had some nasty experiences..."

No doubt. No doubt.

Over the two years since, I have seen at least three Farley Mowats. No doubt there are more.

Farley In Public is the famous bad boy of Canadian letters: The rum-drinking hell-raiser who rampages into the homes of CBC executives at three in the morning, demanding drink and women, the kilted Roaring Boy who offers his bare bum to the sedate citizens of Orillia, Ont., the quarrelsome eccentric who makes headlines by being bounced from motels in places like Picton, Ont., for disorderly opinions about the owner's ancestry. Farley In Public is compounded of lechery, exhibitionism, fish gurry and raw caribou meat. He misbehaves on television, terrorizes bureaucrats, makes the stuffy get snuffy and suggests that the snotty get stuffed. The Only Living Farley Mowat in Captivity and, emphatically, Not Housebroken.

Farley In The Books is the inventor of a form I call the "mowat". A mowat is not exactly fiction, not exactly fact. It follows Mowat's Maxim: "Never let the facts stand in the way of the truth." A mowat is personal experience trimmed and shaped to convey something true and important about the lives of whales and wolves, the destruction of native people, the skill and courage of those who live by the sea. Farley In The Books is a powerful historian, a successful anthologist, a prize-winning humorist, and the author of four excellent novels for young people. Farley In The Books is a spacious, droll, rebellious spirit.

Farley In Private is astute, irreverent and generous. This Farley virtually gives an outboard motor boat to a young neighbor. Farley In Private doesn't drink at all when he's working. "Times like this," observes a rural friend, "Farley *looks* like he's drinkin', but there's no bubbles in the bottle." Farley In Private belongs to the NDP in three provinces, and gives it time and money. He loves dogs, boats and northern countries. He's a reliable friend. And Farley In Private, I sense, is subject to moods of black despair.

Farley In Public has been deliberately created by Farley In Private to serve the professional needs of Farley In The Books. We all know Farley In Public because he was created to be known. "I have an image of you," I told him. "This funny little kilted rascal is dancing and carrying on, paralysed

drunk in public places. But he's made out of cardboard. You're standing a couple of yards behind him, pushing him in front of you with a long stick, and smiling quietly to yourself as you watch him drawing all the attention, like a lightening rod."

Farley smiled, those blue eyes twinkling.

"That's pretty close."

"And it's a way of having fame and eluding it, too."

Farley nodded. Fame is a strange thing. For Canadian writers, selling in a market flooded with American and British books, fame is an absolute necessity. The happy few who live on their royalties are adept not only at writing marketable books, but also at marketing them. Here's Templeton on radio, Berton on TV, Charlie Farquharson tickling the Rotary Club, Dennis Lee chanting with children. W.O. Mitchell addresses a convention while Margaret Atwood reads at a college. Authors lead a life rather like that of a politician. Farley In Public is a master of the art. Heading out on my first publicity tour, I asked his advice.

"Don't talk about your book," he insisted. "The book is *death*! Be outrageous, tell stories, insult the interviewer. Hold your audience. If you deliver a good show, the interviewer's going to be eager to have you back. Talking about the book makes you sound like a cheap promoter. But if you just come across as an interesting person, people will buy the book because they want to know more about you."

Really?

"Absolutely! *Refuse* to talk about the book!"

It works. Almost every Canadian knows a story about Farley In Public. And in bookstore after bookstore, whole racks are devoted to prominent displays of his work. His publisher's representative in the Maritimes once told me that he owes his job to Mowat. Without Mowat's sales, the Maritimes wouldn't warrant a full-time rep.

But Farley In Public will eventually



Claire Mowat is "perceptive and lovely"



Often seen as his "adjunct," she's a writer, too

Cover Story

vanish. A century from now, only Farley In The Books will remain. Farley has written or edited 25 volumes since *People of the Deer* appeared in 1951. Most of them inhabit a kind of no-man's-land of literature where journalism, scholarship, fiction and autobiography interchange and overlap. Farley's craft fuses them into seamless mowats.

Farley In The Books describes himself as a "saga man"—a storyteller like the anonymous authors of the Norse sagas, who preserve the heroic and poignant experiences of the tribe, creating the mythology which holds the tribe together. He is openly nostalgic for tribal life, with its web of conventions and values so deeply ingrained that they needed no enforcement. Inevitably, he travels beyond the reach of regulation and bureaucracy, always seeking people who sustain this lusty natural anarchy.

Institutions and bureaucracy thus seem to Farley contemptible warts on the shapely bum of humanity; he is, he remarks, "in favor of anything that takes the mickey out of duly constituted authority." Here, indeed, is one of Farley's great themes: The conflict between rigid authorities and the infinitely subtle shades of human practice. No law requires the oldest, most enfeebled Inuk to offer himself as food when starvation threatens; all the Inuit understand the reasons for such terrible sacrifices, and the old one can hardly imagine disobedience to a tradition so brutally realistic. But the white authorities have laws designed not for Inuit life, but for the wildernesses of Toronto and Montreal. When the two collide, the result is inevitably tragic.

Hence, too, the profound sorrow of Mowat's work. Despite his award-winning humor, he is fundamentally a conservative man, in the root sense of the word, and thus, like all conservatives, a sad and angry man. His books are either bitter laments, or celebrations of a heroism which no longer meets with honor. He celebrates nameless heroes, men and women and other animals who confront death and do what they have to do in the teeth of their own mortality: The native people, the deep sea tugboat men, the Vikings, the Atlantic fishermen, the trappers, the infantrymen of Ontario.

"Mankind," Farley said in his first book, is "the only living thing that could deliberately bring down a world in senseless slaughter." He was reacting in sick horror to his war experience. But war is only the most spectacular of civilized man's barbarities. Equally destruc-

tive is what Mowat calls "the bitch goddess of technical progress," the goddess of a species which disregards the truth that man lives on the land, by the land, from the land.

Farley In The Books finds his true ancestors in the Old Testament. "For leaders of this people cause them to err, and they that are led of them are destroyed," rages the prophet Isaiah. "The earth is utterly broken down; and it shall fall, and not rise again."

In the end, Farley In The Books is writing about the most grand and terrible theme one can imagine: The end of humanity. He is the prophet of nature's revenge. "I have heard an oracle," rages the prophet Mowat. "If we who have brought such massive discord and such wasting sickness to this planet cannot bring an end to our blind orgy of destruction, then, most surely, shall we perish from the earth."

Farley In Private is Farley In The Books, and a good deal more beside. He is a great-great-nephew of Oliver Mowat, a Father of Confederation. He is the father of Sandy Mowat, a merry, elfin young man who recently stood for Parliament in the Toronto Rosedale riding as candidate for the Apathetic Party. "Sandy's theory," Farley explained solemnly, "is that there are more apathetic voters than there are Liberals, Conservatives and New Democrats put together."

Farley In Private lives with his second wife, Claire, generally in Port Hope, Ontario, or in Cape Breton. For several years, they have shared their lives with two black water dogs, Edward and Lily—named, I suspect, for the Mowats' old friends, Their Excellencies The Schreyers. Last year Lily had a litter of pups, which were so fetching—well, now there are *three* water dogs living with the Mowats.

Claire met Farley in St. Pierre, during the long string of misadventures chronicled in *The Boat Who Wouldn't Float*. Ever since, she has been part of his migratory life, living in Burgeo, Nfld., in Ontario and the Magdalen Islands; in Manitoba, where Farley briefly served the Schreyer government as an adviser on northern development; in Iceland and Siberia and...

Farley In Private is still a firm believer in biological destiny. Margo has never had a child. According to Farley,



He believes in taking the mickey out of authority

that leaves a void at the core of her life. "You need to get pregnant!" he'll cry. "It's a biological imperative! You don't have any control over it! It's in your genes!

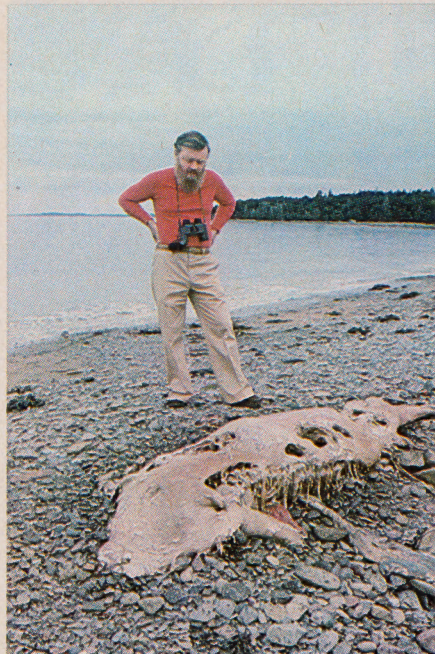
"We're an aberrant species," he continues. "We're like a cancer in nature. And writers, my friend, are an aberration within the aberration. Writers don't belong anywhere. You can live a hundred years in this village and love it with all your soul, and you'll never belong. You have this insane compulsion to write things down and to tell the

truth, and sooner or later you're bound to write down truths that the people around you can't stand. And they'll wheel on you and destroy you."

Farley speaks here from an open wound. One night he talked about it, about how the Mowats lived seven years in Burgeo, and how they loved the place. About the petty tyrannies, and the closeness of people, and the unexpected eloquence and kindnesses. About Claire's notes on how things changed when the telephone came in. And then Farley got involved with the whale that came ashore, and brought the whale to the world's attention. But some of the younger men thought it sporting to shoot it, and when it died, the outside world condemned all the people of Burgeo as savages.

And Burgeo, stung, turned on Farley the publicist.

"Do you have any idea how it feels," asked Farley, very quietly, "to



Sometimes it feels bad, not belonging

have your closest friends, people you've known and loved for years, turn away and refuse to speak to you when they meet you on the street?

"You don't belong here!" Farley cried, seeing in me the romantic refugee he once was himself, willing me not to repeat his terrible misconception. "You'll *never* belong here! And don't you ever forget that, because someday it's going to happen to you!"

Occasionally I glimpse other Farleys, ones I will never really know. Farley, the devoted but difficult husband, for instance. Claire is a perceptive and lovely woman who might well have had an outstanding career as a writer or artist. Instead she has usually been seen as an adjunct of Farley—a difficult role for someone with her own pride and her own imperatives. She keeps extensive



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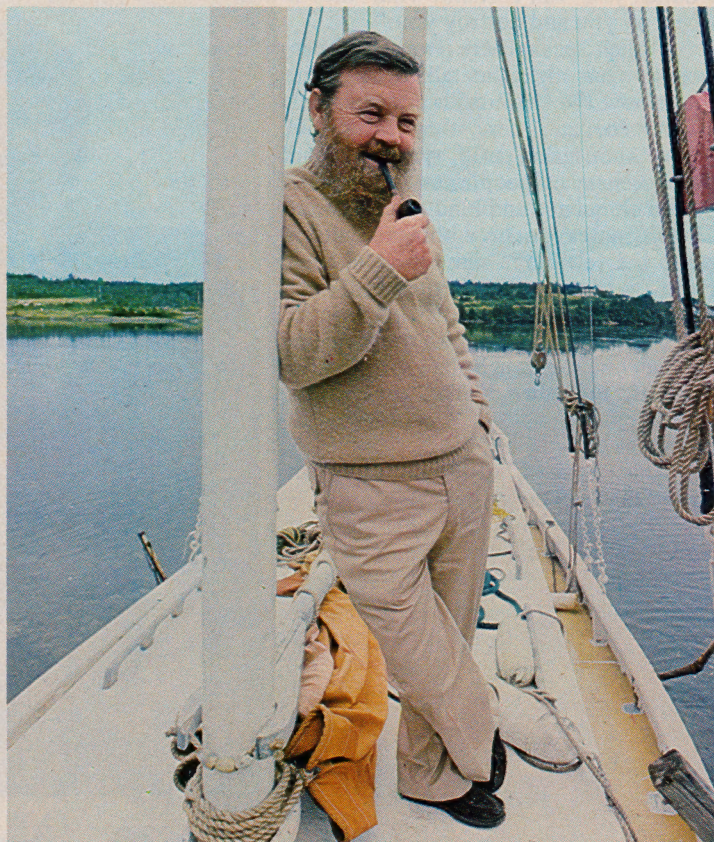
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Cover Story



The boy soldier, a long time ago



JACK CUSANO

Now, he remembers how that terrible time felt

journals, which Farley plunders mercilessly, and for some time she has been working on a book of her own. But—Mrs. Farley Mowat? They like and trust each other. But there must be days...

Farley, the son. Angus Mowat was a leathery, whiskery, opinionated Scot, a great librarian, a formidable outdoorsman. He sailed all his life—even, miraculously, in Saskatchewan. He scorned mediocrity, championed good library service and, when well into old age, set up housekeeping with a woman thirty years his junior. Farley blew into my workshop one January night with his adopted brother John, a full-blooded Mohawk transmuted into an Ontario banker. Farley is "amazed at the quality of the workmanship" of the boat I'm working on, but I know its many flaws: Gaping joints, poor finishing, sags in the varnish.

"Nobody's ever going to notice those but you," scoffed Farley. "Hell, nobody's even going to be able to see half of them. That bit along the keel is going to be under the floorboards."

"I know, I know, but..."

"Yeah, sure, *you* know it's there," Farley snorted. "Who does he sound like, John? Haven't you heard this crap before?"

"Yeah," John grinned, running a finger over the wood. "He sounds just exactly like Angus."

Al Purdy wrote a poem about the loving care with which Angus rebuilt a 60-year-old boat on the Bay of Quinte. Once, I asked Farley why he didn't write novels. "My father wanted me to be a novelist in the style of Conrad," he said bluntly, "but that wasn't my route. He was always disappointed in me because I wouldn't—couldn't—do that."

Farley may be the dominant prose writer in the country. His books sell briskly in New York and Moscow. To many of his countrymen, Farley Mowat is the *only* Canadian writer known by name.

"My father was always disappointed in me."

I felt a flush of anger at Angus. And yet, all the same, if a man had to choose a father he could do worse.

Farley sits at the kitchen table, reading aloud the final pages of the new book. The book germinated when he ran across his own letters from overseas and thought he might write a wry and astringent mowat about youth and maturity. Instead it proved to be a ravaging study of fear. Glasses low on his nose, he reads too quickly, shy about his work and its reception. But the images of the pounded, churned Italian countryside, the slithering tanks and ruined men, the worm of fear: These are so strong, so vivid, that they

overmaster even the author's anxiety. As the last words hang in the air, Farley is crying. He's not alone.

"I feel privileged to have heard you read that," says Margo, quietly.

"Well, kids," Farley says, with false heartiness, "I guess my long drought is over."

Welcome back, saga man.

Farley has his flaws and he suffers from Canada's small-minded resentment of flamboyance and achievement. Still, some of us know his worth. "From the day I first met Farley back in 1956, he's been my closest friend," novelist Harold Horwood said. "I have the greatest respect and affection for him on every level, as a man and an artist and a public figure whose public stances have been right all along the line."

His public stances. The essential Farley Mowat is the saga man and prophet, Canada's Cassandra. Nature never loses: That's the truth. And that truth is what Farley Mowat's life is all about. He sits at the kitchen table, the sunlight glinting in his coppery beard, staring sombrely out over the green land and the glittering sea. His sidelit face could be chiselled from stone. "Nobody who watches the way human beings behave can possibly doubt it," he concludes. "We're going to destroy ourselves and our environment. And the world will be better for our going." ☒

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Small Towns



Home of a "supergenerous people"

Rustico, P.E.I.

Rustico used to be almost entirely French but time, television and tour buses have all taken their toll. Today, the language lives only in the names of Rustico's residents. Still, Rustico hasn't lost its traditions, its culture, its church or its sense of humor. Especially its humor

By Harry Bruce

Back in the half-forgotten time when Rustico was a cocoon of poverty, faith and loving-neighbor-as-thyself, back when the roads were all dirt, red dirt, and the tourists were still a trickle rather than a deluge, an American visitor noticed a fisherman weeding his garden. The fisherman's feet were bare and the American leered at him. "That's quite a pair of shoes you got there," he said. As quick as snapping the tail off a boiled lobster, the fisherman replied, "Yessir, they're made of the same material as me arse. Y'know, I've had that for 65 years, and I've only worn one hole in it."

The Rustico French may have lost their language, but they've kept their sense of humor. In the face of hundreds of thousands of tourists, who crawl and march through their villages like an annual invasion of army ants, in the face of television, shopping malls, fast cars, fast foods, and all the other pressures that mash minorities into a North American porridge, they have never lost their love of good old stories, or their affection for the quick-tongued local oddballs who star in them. More than most small towns, Rustico has a live-and-let-live attitude toward the the conspicuous, the fiercely eccentric. So far as tolerance goes, Eric MacEwan says, Rustico people are "supergenerous." He's a wandering boy from Rustico who followed a career in mainland broadcasting before coming home for good, and his wife, Nancy, agrees with him. "You could have three heads and a green horn. They wouldn't care."

They tell the good old stories in English. Although Rustico was origi-

nally settled by displaced Acadians and earlier, by French settlers from France, the French language has been snowed under by a relentless environment. Under Rustico in the P.E.I. phone book there are 11 Buotes, 13 Blacquieres (plus a Blackquiere and a Blacquire), 19 people named Peters (a corruption of Pitre), 23 Doirons, 25 Gauthiers (plus Gauthier's Deep Sea Fishing), 25 Doucettes, and no less than 108 Gallants (not counting Gallant's Clover Farm, or Gallant's Deep Sea Fishing). But only a handful of the old—and maybe a few kids whose parents send them to French immersion classes in Charlottetown—are anywhere near fluent in their mother tongue.

French is dead, but the culture is not. Father Preston Hamill, St. Augustine's parish, describes his flock's love of music and dancing: "We pack the Rustico Bay Senior Citizens' Club every second Friday. For dances. The people come from miles around and, at some time or another during the night, as many as 20 will get up and step-dance, and these people are 60, 70, even 90 years old! They usually have an accordion player, a piano, a real good fiddler. And the women are fantastic cooks. They make the rolls, the biscuits, the tarts for all these lobster suppers."

They also make *pâté*. In Rustico, that's a meat pie, and every woman has her own recipe. The filling consists mostly of pork, beef, or both, but Eric MacEwan says, "Around here, a meat pie is not a meat pie unless it's also got rabbit in it." After midnight mass at Christmas, everyone eats *pâté*. MacEwan, who was once the only

Protestant kid in his school, says, "Christmas is a real trip around here. The young people pour home from Alberta, and Mother gets her meat pies out of the freezer."

Father Hamill talks, too, about the preservation of traditional crafts: Knitting, crocheting, rug and quilt-making. Mr. and Mrs. Jerry Gauthier (who, incidentally, got married in 1912, the year the *Titanic* sank) use strips of old clothes to make rugs, and, "Oh, they're good. They must have sold hundreds of them." Jerry, 93, did "everything I could to make a living." He was a fisherman, a deckhand aboard a trading schooner that he'd helped build, manager of a lobster factory and, for most of his life, a carpenter. "The



Eric MacEwan, and family: He came back

Acadians are fine craftsmen," Father Hamill says. "There's hardly a person in this parish who hasn't built his own house."

Finally, and most important to Father Hamill, the Rustico French have their religion. There are roughly 165 families in his parish, and most are "very good Catholics." Families stick together. Divorce is rare. The Gauthiers expect to celebrate their 68th anniversary on Nov. 26, sure, but "we also have two couples celebrating their 60th, two more celebrating their 50th and

PHOTOS BY DAVID NICHOLS

several more in between." Longevity is another tradition. A United Empire Loyalist who settled in Rustico marvelled that "a very large portion of people live to old age, and then die of no acute disease, but by the gradual decay of nature." The Loyalist himself died in 1852. He was 107.

But Father Hamill's parish is not half the Rustico story. He's in South Rustico. North Rustico, which is bigger (some 800 mostly Catholic souls), is four miles down the road that island tourism officials call Blue Heron Drive. Between the two Rusticos there's Rusticoville, better known as "the new bridge." And at the end of a short seaward spur from North Rustico, sitting hard by the open Gulf of St. Lawrence, you'll find North Rustico Harbour. There's no Rustico, pure and simple, not on the official tourist map, anyway. When North Rustico



Angie, George Pineau: Step-dancers still

France, via Port La Joie (Charlottetown) in the first half of the 1700s. They included a Rassicot, who gave the area its name; and later a Gallant, who gave it its biggest family. The first Gallant's real name was actually François Haché but, according to one historian, he "did some wonderful deed such as killing off a crowd of Indians...and he was dubbed Haché Gallant." The brave Haché. Expelled Acadians from the mainland enlarged the community but, as late as 1768, the Rustico French still amounted to only a handful. They lived in log houses, banked with seaweed, and they survived on peas, vegetables, wheat, barley, wild berries, game, fish, seals and sea cows (now extinct). Some winters they were raggedy-assed and half-starved. They had no leaders, no schools. Though they were British subjects now, colonial officialdom totally neglected them. But they were cheerful, tough, hard working. They got along with the Micmacs (presumably despite the brave Gallant's "wonderful deed"), and sometimes married them. They had their religion to keep them warm. They multiplied.

By 1795, they had a small church of their own, and a house for an itinerant priest. Then, early in the 19th century, the Bishop of Quebec appointed the first of a series of strong-minded, uncompromising resident priests. The

architect, inventor, entrepreneur, educator. But his place in Island history mostly spins round his role as a banker. He, more than anyone else, founded the Farmer's Bank, South Rustico, the smallest bank ever to operate in Canada, and the precursor of the entire North American credit-union movement. He defended the bank in memorable language: "Take his bank from the farmer and you will be throwing him into the rapacious clutches of the usurer, that social bloodsucker who holds in misery that interesting class of people, the farmers." The bank, closed in 1894, is a museum now, and it stands just beside Father Hamill's church.

It was the Church that, throughout the 19th century, helped the Rustico French endure storms that destroyed their boats, invasions by huge armies of potato beetles and marauding mice, early frosts that led to winter famine, periodic outbursts of anti-Catholic feeling among nearby Protestant farmers and, later, the bondage and poverty in which both New England packers and local merchants kept the fishermen. It was the Church that, in 1909, helped inspire the founding at Rustico of the first fishermen's co-op on the Island. It was the Church that brought Father J.D. MacNeill to Rustico in 1936. "Some called him a tyrant and worse," Ruth Brewer writes in her history of Rustico. "He literally dragged people to church, and would break up card games." He wasn't big but he was tough and, when necessary, "used physical force." He resigned in '48. His health was failing, but Rustico's was dramatically improving. The Age of Tourism was dawning on the north shore.

If you want to follow the most direct auto route between the world-famous Cavendish beach and the world-famous Brackley, Stanhope and Dalvay beaches, you must leave the National Park, go through Rustico country, and then re-enter the park. This simple fact, along with government money from a dozen different programs, has revolutionized the local economy.

"There are no poor people anymore," one old-timer said. He was sorrowful, as though what he was really lamenting was the passing of the *time* of the poor; the cosy time in which, all year round, all of the Catholics were one, big, close family; the time before the brutal, antisocial intrusion of television; the time in which you made your fun in one another's houses, telling the good old stories, gossiping, waiting for someone to sit down at the piano, haul out a fiddle, unsheath a harmonica, and let the dancing begin.

ROYAL CANADIAN LEGION NORTH RUSTICO BRANCH NO 13



Down at the Legion: Vincent Blacquiere, Bert Blacquiere, Edmond Gallant, Alyre Gallant

people say "Rustico," they mean North Rustico. Of course, it's also "the village," as opposed to "the harbor," which is sometimes "the wharf." South Rustico is sometimes just "South," as in, "She comes from South." North Rustico is sometimes "the crick," as in creek; and the whole happy mess is a half-hour drive from downtown Charlottetown.

Its history is a triumph of cultural survival against terrific odds. The earliest white settlers arrived from

most brilliant of these was Father Georges-Antoine Belcourt. He was a Quebec-born missionary who'd already spent his most vigorous years taking the word of God to the Indians of the pioneer west. All his life he'd quarrelled with his superiors and, according to Island historian John T. Croteau, his aggressiveness and "his astounding self-confidence" were just what the "docile and submissive" Rustico Acadians needed.

Father Belcourt was a carpenter, mechanic, blacksmith, boat-designer,

Small Towns

These days, in summer at least, it's as though half of Rustico were on the tourist tit. This could hardly be otherwise. After all, tens of thousands of tourists come in search of everything from sanitary napkins to a \$17 lobster plate, from hamburgers to a hand-lined mackerel aboard the boat of an authentic "character," from a beer at the big, thriving Legion to a case of scotch from the small, thriving liquor store.

No liquor store is closer to the beachfront hotels and campgrounds, and if you're coming into town for a bottle why not pick up some groceries? Alyre Gallant, former chairman of the village commission, who helped get the province to install the liquor store, just happens to run one of the two

cheaper things, leather handbags. He likes Japanese tourists. "Look," he said, "they love seafood and they love leather. Jeez, do they spend!"

It was 27 years ago that Vincent Blacquiere, a modest, amiable restaurateur, started the Cosy Corner on the site of what's now The Fisherman's Wharf. He had 10 tables then and "you were lucky to make \$100 a week." He sold the Cosy Corner to an in-law; the in-law sold it to the Legion; the Legion sold it back to the in-law while building a new emporium of snooker, darts, bingo, boozing and general socializing; and the in-law sold it to Albert Dow. Which didn't brighten the life of Vincent Blacquiere. Competition, you see. Along with his son Ronny, he's been running The Idle Oars for eight years.

that only one "escaped" to get married. ("My boys work hard," he said, even when his boys were approaching middle age. "They don't smoke or drink, and they don't gamble.") The Court boys are still fishing commercially, and they're still taking tourists out on fishing parties.

The Court brothers' wharf is an irresistible jumble of sheds, tubs and printed bragging. It's at the outer end of the harbor, and it's so cheerfully colorful it attracts as many as 15 tour buses a day. To Veard Court, they're a mixed blessing. The happy rubbernecks from the buses mingle with his paying customers, and at times he's had 200-odd tourists on the dock, all milling about and threatening to bump one another into the drink.

The Courts are the most famous of the fishermen who take tourists out to sea, but the first man to do it as a real business was Bert Blaquiere. That was around 1950. To concentrate on tourists, he quit commercial fishing entirely in the summer. "And pretty soon the other fellows were saying, 'Hey, Bert's making more money than we are.'" At first, he let tourists fish mackerel with rods, but he soon changed to handlines. The rods were dangerous. "I had the pleasure of cutting a hook out of a woman's arse one time." That was when he had the only boat in the business. There are a dozen now.

George Pineau lives out near the Court brothers, not far from the 125-year-old lighthouse that he kept for 34 years and his father kept before him. He's 90, and so thin he looks like a piece of pipe-cleaner sculpture. He has a brown, lively face and a thatch of white hair. One of his two magnificent English sheepdogs once chewed his false teeth while he was asleep, but George didn't mind. Nothing seems to bother him these days. He and his sister Angie—he believes they're the oldest male-female twins in Canada—can still step-dance for hours at a time. George also plays a mean harmonica, and he's a past master at the art of telling funny stories.

You listen to him and you think of the Frenchman who, more than two centuries ago, said the Acadians were "simply good people, very willing to help each other, very devoted to their family...and living light-heartedly, and without too much thought about the morrow." And what was it Eric MacEwan said the other day about the fellow villagers he admires so much? Oh yes. "Their basic philosophy is to enjoy life to its bleeping fullest." The times may be changing, but there's still a lot of Rustico in Rustico. ☒



Tourists mob Court brothers' wharf

grocery stores in town—the other's a co-op—and he says, "If it weren't for the summer business, we wouldn't be here at all. In summer, we sell more stuff in one day than we do in two weeks of winter."

The "we" includes his son Harold and his son-in-law, Armand Le Clair. Good times enable quite a few sons to help their fathers run businesses in Rustico. Across the street from Gallant's store, Albert Dow of Charlottetown and his boys (Allen, Ricky and Danny) operate The Fisherman's Wharf. A year ago, Dow renovated and enlarged the kitchen, installed tanks that hold more than 3,000 lbs. of lobster, added a 360-square-foot dining room. Local speculation suggests he "sank half a million" in the expansion of what was once just the little old Cosy Corner grill, but that's OK. On good nights, The Fisherman's Wharf sells close to 700 lobster suppers. Dow's not complaining. "But I should really handle maybe a thousand...I got a hundred people working in here in summer." The Dows also run a 60-foot-long gift shop that sells, among



The Jerry Gauthiers, 68 years married

It's a big, roomy eatery with a bar downstairs.

By Vincent Blacquiere's count, there are too many eateries within five miles of The Idle Oars for the good of any of them: Six big restaurants, two lobster-supper halls, and at least three takeout joints. But his own sons, Donny and Paul, run one of them, Pete's Restaurant and Take Out. Ronny, Donny, Paul and two other sons, Carl and Eric, are also partners in a cottage development called Rustico Acres and a mini-golf course. So Vincent Blacquiere and his boys are doing all right in their home town.

The lifeblood of the local economy, however, has traditionally been the fishing industry, and there are still 50 licensed Rustico fishermen landing 1.5 million tons a year. In '79, landings fetched close to a million dollars, mostly for lobster. But as early as '73, Beecher Court, crusty patriarch of the fishermen, said, "The way the fishing's going now, if we didn't have the tourist trade we couldn't make a go of it." Court, who died last summer at 92, ruled his five sons with such authority

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The Gathering of the Sheep

It's a better name for The Gathering of the Clans

The Gathering of the Clans—in Nova Scotia? Is this history's bitter joke?

Here is the story of three Donald Camerons. The first was "the gentle Lochiel," 19th chief of the Camerons of Lochiel, a passionate Jacobite who led 800 Camerons into battle at Culloden. In 40 minutes, English grapeshot destroyed his ankles and his society. Lochiel spent the summer of 1746 hiding in the heather, watching the Duke of Cumberland's soldiers burn his house at Achnacarry, trying to rally the remains of the Highland army which had earlier borne Prince Charles Edward to Derby and shaken the throne of England. Now they were broken. More than 460 of Lochiel's 800 fighting men were dead. In September, the gentle Lochiel abandoned his forfeited lands and, with the Prince, sailed away to exile.

The Highland chief, writes John Prebble—whose trilogy *Fire and Sword: The Destruction of the Clans* should be required reading in Nova Scotia this absurd Scottish summer—was "a savage man who might speak French and Latin, who could distinguish between a good claret and a bad...who would bargain like an Edinburgh chandler to secure a profitable marriage for his daughter,

who could sell his tenants to the plantations but who would touch his sword at the slightest reflection on his honor."

Technically, the clan lands belonged to the chief, the absolute ruler of his native glen, but he held them on behalf of his people. "If he had the right of life and death over his people, he was equally responsible for their welfare," says Prebble. Clan life was as harsh as it was intimate. Raising his regiment for the 1745 rising, the gentle Lochiel sent his gentle lieutenants to "intimate to all the Camerons that if they did not forthwith go with them they would instantly burn all their houses and [kill] their cattle." Some reluctant soldiers testified that Lochiel himself gently "beat them severely with his whip." Accepted practice, says Prebble. "Within the context of the clan it was the reluctant Cameron who sinned and betrayed his ancestors."

But the gentle Lochiel was at least true to his code and his people. His grandson—Donald Cameron, the 22nd chief of Lochiel—was true to nothing but his own avarice. In 1784 the forfeited estates were returned to the young Lochiel, who was 15, foreign-educated, estranged from his clansmen.

By 1792—The Year of the Sheep—he was deeply in debt. He began to evict his people and to rent or sell the clan lands for sheep farming. In 1793, a thousand men of his district swarmed into the army. Others ended up in hovels on the moors, in Glasgow slums, in the work camps along the Caledonian Canal, in Canada and Australia. And yet, when the 22nd Lochiel died in 1832, he was still buried in debt, and his new house at Achnacarry was only half-finished. His son, Prebble says, "held a banquet to celebrate his accession to the title, but could not find a single tenant of his own name" to attend it.

Young Lochiel was not unique. When the Macdonell chiefs were done, 20,000 of their people were in Canada and none in Glengarry. Between 1801 and 1803, the 24th chief of the Chisholms evicted 5,000 people. Many went to Antigonish, and are there yet. The MacNeils were swept from the isles of Mingulay and Barra. Their descendants live in Cape Breton, at the throat of water still called the Barra Strait. In 1831-32 alone, 124,000 Highlanders boarded festering ships bound for Canada. In 1854, the laird of Strathcarron ordered the eviction of the Rosses from their glen. When 60-odd women resisted, 35 police charged them with batons. Afterwards the blood lay pooled on the ground, and the dogs licked it up.

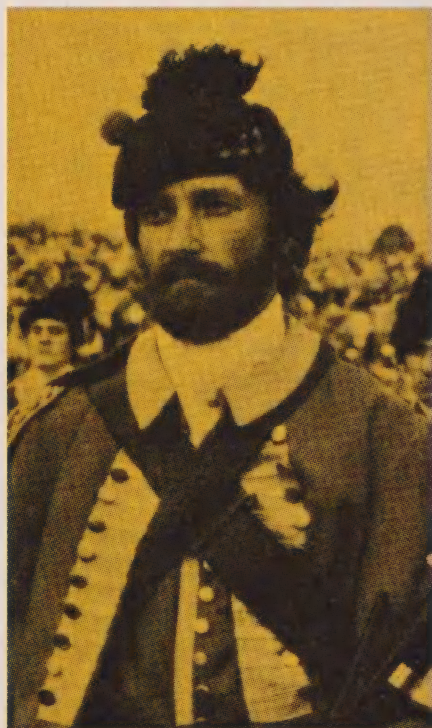


In 1956, Donald Cameron (your humble narrator) thought Billy Fisher eccentric; Billy wore a kilt and took his Scottish heritage seriously. Donald Cameron did not consider himself Scottish, but western Canadian. His Highland heritage amounted to little more than a Harry Lauder song about meeting and treating MacKay. But when Donald Cameron came to Cape Breton, he discovered that his tastes and emotions were surprisingly Scottish. And when official Nova Scotia had touristic orgasms about a Walt Disney fantasy called The International Gathering of the Clans—which would bring Highland chiefs to Nova Scotia—he felt a low, black, Celtic anger.

Why here? Why International? Because the forefathers of these honored guests betrayed our families and scattered them like litter from here to New Zealand and Chile. Whatever we have to say to them should be in the spirit of the ruined men of Golspie, when the second Duke of Sutherland tried to enlist soldiers there for the Crimean War. His father, the first Duke, had begun the infamous Highland clearances, and now the men of Sutherland refused to go to war. "We have no country to fight for," they told him. "You robbed us of our country and gave it to the sheep. Since you have preferred sheep to men, let sheep defend you."

We will rejoice at the fiddles this summer, as we always do. We will step-dance and sing the mournful *Boat Song* of Mingulay. But let us not welcome the chiefs. If there is to be a Gathering in Nova Scotia this summer, let it be a Gathering of the Sheep.

— Silver Donald Cameron



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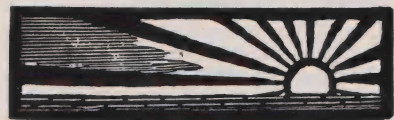
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Jack in Port

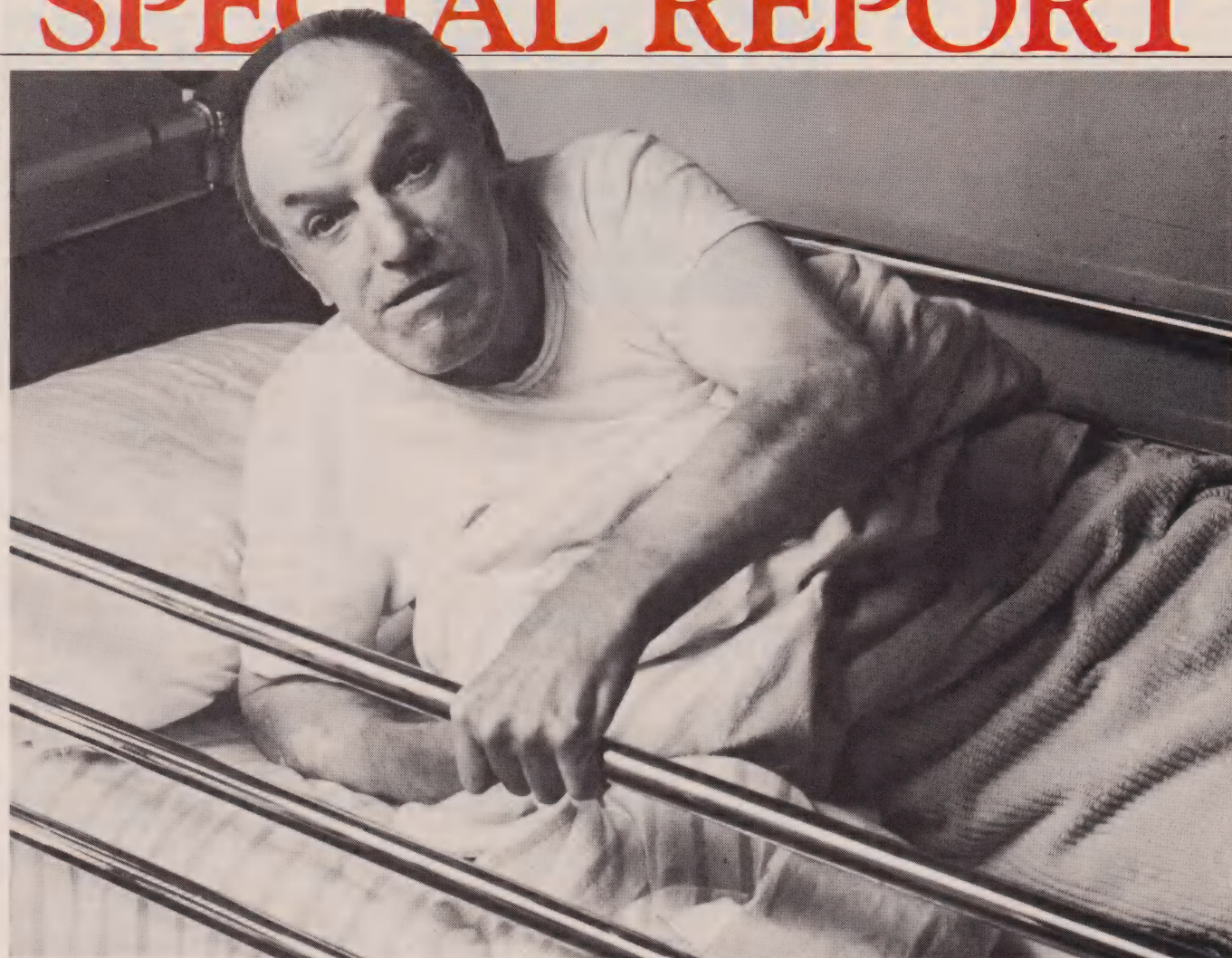
Jack in Port

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Judith Fingard

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University of Toronto Press

SPECIAL REPORT



PHOTOS BY PETER BARSS

Keller: Unquenchable sadness

For 17 burned steelworkers, the horror lingers on—and on

Yes, the explosion in the Sydney coke ovens was a nightmare, but for its victims, the years since have been even worse. And who remembers them now?

By Parker Barss Donham
On a Saturday evening in mid-September, drizzle was falling in Sydney's Whitney Pier district. To the south of Frederick Street, beyond hummocks of stockpiled coke, the looming structures of the Sydney Steel coke ovens were obscured by mist. Across the street, in a dimly lit living room, Clarence Keller sat facing a color TV tuned to ATV's *Wide World of Sports*. Keller wasn't watching. He was busy describing the progress he'd made in twice weekly physical

therapy sessions. Walking behind his wheelchair, Keller said, he could get from the dining room to the living room in just three minutes. It was a distance of perhaps 20 feet. Seeing Keller grope painfully at the controls of his wheelchair, it was hard to imagine him walking at all. His gaunt, burn-scarred form betrayed the frame of what had once been a stocky man. His speech had the halting, distorted quality one associates with a cerebral palsy victim.

"Can you understand him?" his

wife, Ada, asked. Their visitor nodded. Clarence seemed much better than on the last visit two years earlier. Today he was talkative, almost cheerful. Back then his attempts at conversation had ended in tears.

"How are your spirits?" the visitor asked. On the television, the dozen right legs of a precision swimming team shot through the surface of an Olympic pool and pointed skyward. The volume was turned down. A wall clock ticked loudly. A look of unquenchable sadness returned to Keller's eyes.

"Up and down," he said. "Up and down."

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For 17 burned steelworkers, the horror lingers on-and on

For the employees of the Halifax steel mill, the horror of the fire that killed 17 workers is still a fresh memory. And the consequences are still being felt.

On the morning of the fire, the workers were in the mill, working on a large piece of machinery. The fire started in the work area, and the workers were in the middle of the fire. The fire was so intense that the workers were unable to escape. The fire was so intense that the workers were unable to escape. The fire was so intense that the workers were unable to escape.

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Across town, in a one-storey bungalow on the side of Hardwood Hill, Joe Legge woke in terror from a nightmare. It was the same dream he'd had ever since the accident, but it had come more frequently since his return to the coke ovens. The pattern never varied. Legge would be sleeping peacefully when suddenly, from out of nowhere, a huge ball of fire would come at him and he would wake screaming.

"It takes you apart," Legge said. "It gets right down to your soul."

The event that shattered Joe Legge's nerves and left Clarence Keller a helpless cripple took place four years ago, on Aug. 25, 1977. The two were among 17 steelworkers assigned to clear the sludge from a plugged, 20-inch-diameter gas main at the Sysco coke ovens. Though they spent the morning purging the line with steam, a faulty valve elsewhere in the system allowed gas to seep into the section of the pipe they were working on. It was a hot summer day, and the air around the ovens, where coal is baked into coke at 2,100 degrees, was sweltering. Most of the men had taken off their protective clothing.

As the last bolt was removed from a flange holding the line in place, the pipe shifted slightly, allowing hot air from the room to enter and mix with chemicals in the sludge. The mixture ignited spontaneously, touching off a gas explosion that instantly enveloped the men in fire.

Joe Legge, who had been leaning over the pipe at the moment of the blast, was blown 25 feet across the room. As he struggled blindly for the exit, he wondered why he couldn't see. His eyelids had been burned off, his eyes were scorched, and by the time he got outside, his only remaining clothes were a leather belt, a pair of leather work gloves and his boots. Steelworker Dave MacLeod was one of the first on the scene. "It was horrible," he recalled. "Most of them had their clothes burned off them. Some of their clothes were still burning. Some of them had their

hair burning. You'd go to grab hold of a fellow and his skin was hanging right off his body."

The explosion riveted the attention of Sydney's steelmaking community for a day or two, then gradually faded from the headlines. No one had been killed, and the 10 most severely injured were at the burn unit of Halifax's Victoria General Hospital, where they were expected to recover. The worst, it seemed, was over.

In fact, the worst had only begun. The injured men faced months of excruciating treatment, followed by the gut-wrenching chore of re-entering society—in some cases with disfiguring

lies will be looked after. The 17 coke ovens victims would learn that nothing could be further from the truth.

In the hours following the explosion, the bodies of the injured men swelled grotesquely. Family members who were allowed brief visits recall that by the second day the men looked like monsters, with heads the size of beach balls. Within days, this swelling receded, but before repairs could begin, all dead skin had to be removed. In a remote part of the hospital, where other patients wouldn't hear their screams, the men were given daily baths in salt water. After each soaking,



Joe and Margie Legge: He still wakes up in terror, screaming

scars. All would undergo long bouts of depression, for which their otherwise excellent medical treatment offered little help. The lucky ones would eventually return to the steel plant, where the staccato of unpredictable noises would keep the terror of Aug. 25 from fading. Four would never return to work, another three only sporadically.

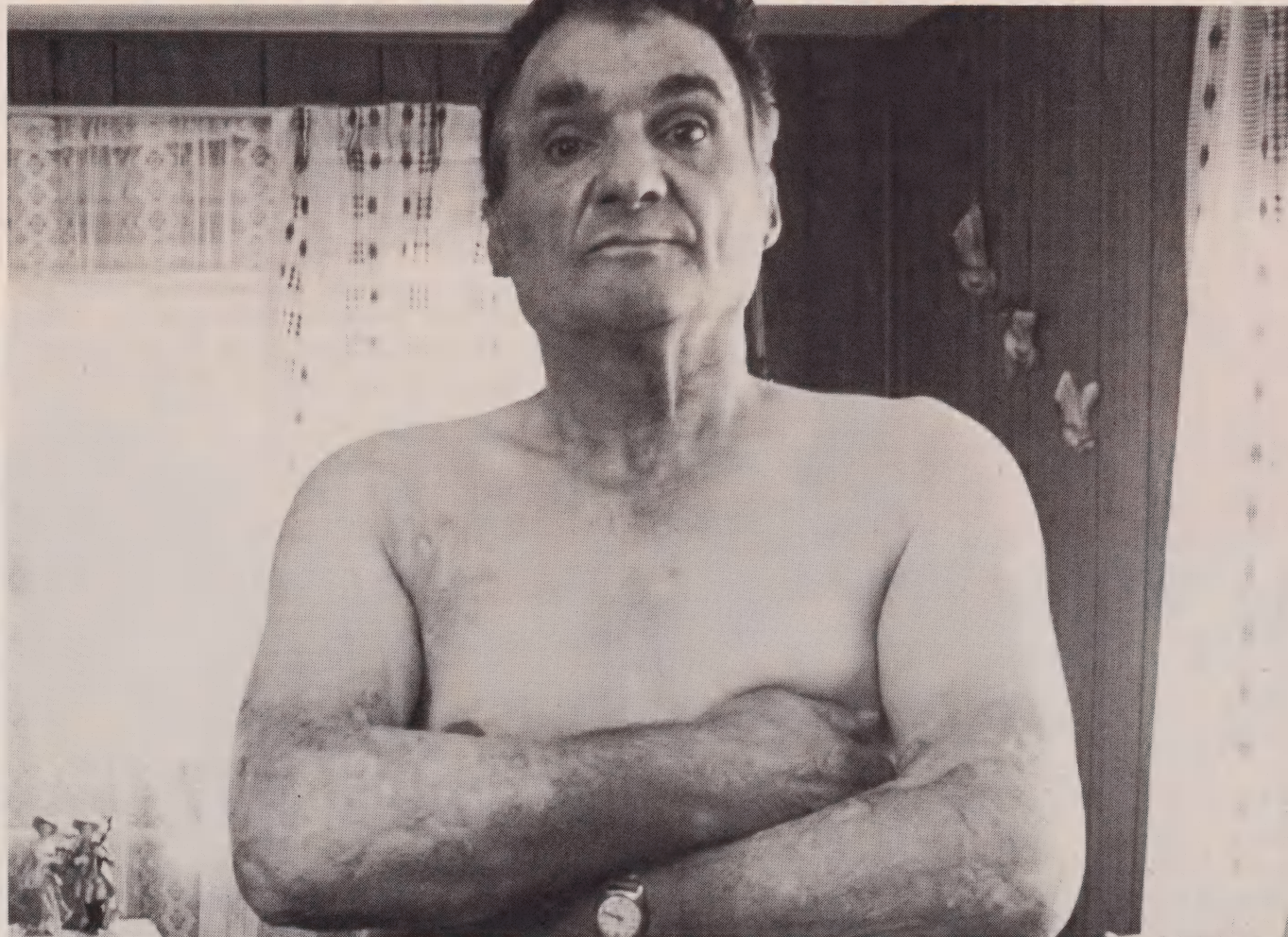
All would discover, to their shock and disgust, the poverty-level subsistence provided by the Nova Scotia workers' compensation system. It treats industrial accident victims suffering long-term disabilities as suspected malingers.

Most Canadians believe that if workers are injured on the job, their material needs and those of their fami-

a nurse used tweezers and scissors to remove the dead skin. The treatment continued for weeks. "I used to be crying, begging them to stop," recalls Pepe Sollazzo, a 58-year-old pipefitter who'd worked 41 years at the steel plant.

Clarence Keller was also 58 years old. A pipefitter-helper with 38 years' service, he had lived his whole life in the shadow of the coke ovens. Thirty-six hours after the explosion, Keller's heart stopped beating. By the time doctors resuscitated him, the temporary lack of oxygen had damaged his brain. Although his intelligence remains undimmed, his speech and muscle control are badly impaired. Two rounds of brain surgery failed to undo the

SPECIAL REPORT



Sollazzo: Outraged by the Workers' Compensation Board

damage. Keller's arms and legs move haltingly, awkwardly, preventing a crucial aspect of his recovery: Without constant flexing and exercise, grafted sections of skin shrink and stiffen, making movement still more difficult.

Joe Legge knew no such limitation. At 28, the youngest of the 17 victims, he was also the most severely burned. Several weeks after the accident, Legge chanced to see a mirror that had somehow slipped past the burn-unit nurses (who otherwise keep the ward scrupulously free of reflective surfaces). Devastated by the horrific stranger who stared back at him, he lapsed into depression, not wanting to face the world, not wanting to see even his wife, Margie, who had spent every day since the accident at the hospital. Finally, goaded by Margie, Legge resolved to recover. A natural athlete, he set himself upon a relentless exercise regimen, pedalling the burn unit's Exercycle with such demonic intensity that he burned out a bearing. He would pedal until the backs of his knees, where skin had been removed for grafting, began to bleed.

When he recovered enough to return to Sydney, Legge was appalled and angered by the tactless stares of strangers on the streets of his home town. "I got to the point where I wanted to strangle everybody," Legge said later. "If I had had a big board, I would have gone running up the street swinging at everybody who was within swinging distance." The wives of other victims grew used to such bouts of temper. They found their husbands irritable, jumpy, depression-prone. "He's a changed man," said Bernadette Sollazzo, wife of Pepe. "He's not himself at all," echoed Betty Clarke, whose husband, George, a rigger-ironworker with 37 years' service at Sysco, found himself bursting into tears without warning. "I was never a guy for crying," he said.

Whatever else may have caused this depression, the 17 coke ovens victims shared at least one important source of worry. They had come face to face with Canada's penurious treatment of industrial accident victims.

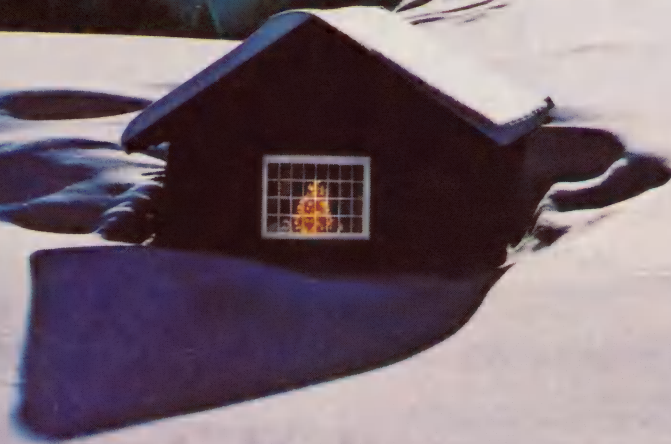
In Nova Scotia, compensation

benefits equal 75% of a worker's gross earnings at the time of an accident. But there's a hitch. The system insures earnings only up to a specified income limit. In 1977, the limit was \$12,000. Despite the fact that steelworkers earned \$14,000 to \$15,000, the injured men received only 75% of \$12,000. It worked out to \$173 per week.

All suffered a precipitous drop in income at a time when their expenses—for things such as travel to the Halifax hospitals by family members—rose sharply. Those who stayed off work more than a year were entitled to \$200 a month from the Canada Pension Plan. But many never realized Canada Pension benefits applied to them, and no one bothered to tell them. The same was true of a \$200-a-month "helpless allowance" from the Workers' Compensation Board for totally disabled workers who couldn't be left alone.

According to Legge, the quest for compensation benefits resembled a treasure hunt. A claimant who asked received everything he was entitled to, but you had to know exactly what to

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SPECIAL REPORT

ask for. No one volunteered the information.

Sollazzo, who had worked 41 years at Sysco without a single compensation claim, was outraged by the board's nickel-and-dime attitude. Claims officers refused to help him reimburse his nephew for driving him to the hospital daily during more than a year of physical therapy, because Sollazzo could not supply receipts. If he had taken a cab, as he was entitled to do, the bill would have been much higher, but the board would have had to pay it. Three times, Sollazzo had to ask doctors or lawyers to intervene because the board refused to provide fare for his wife to accompany him on trips to Halifax for followup treatment — this at a time when he could not even dress himself. Other workers were expected to make the 864-km round trip by bus, despite burns that made it painful for them to sit down as long as 10 minutes. Many complained of cursory examinations and rude treatment from Compensation Board doctors.

Compensation continued only as long as the men were under active treatment. Once skin grafting was

completed and wounds healed, each of the accident victims went before a board doctor, who passed judgment on the extent of permanent disability, if any. Scars and emotional turmoil are not considered disabilities, and many were therefore deemed to have no lasting injury and were cut off compensation altogether. Only Clarence Keller qualified as totally, permanently disabled. He continued to receive \$173 a week (adjusted each year by a cost-of-living formula) plus the "helpless allowance." Several others were ruled as having permanent partial disabilities. The most severe of these was Wilfred Chiasson, a pipe-fitter-helper. Though his doctor advised him against returning to work, the board ruled that he was only 35% disabled. That meant he got roughly 35% of 75% of \$12,000 — \$259.58 a month. Chiasson accepted early retirement from the plant, which meant he got only a reduced share of his company pension.

In cases where the board considered the permanent disability slight, it offered a onetime cash settlement instead of monthly payments. For an injured worker who had fallen into debt while on temporary compensation, the

cash was tempting. Mickey Hayes, 51 at the time of the accident, accepted \$10,000. Donny Hollohan, a 39-year-old safety inspector, took \$1,200. These payments relieved the board of any further obligation.

Two of the coke ovens victims are still considered to be convalescing. Through a quirk in the law, their compensation is not adjusted for cost-of-living increases. Pepe Sollazzo still receives the same \$173 a week he got when the accident happened. He sold his house and moved into a trailer.

Boredom and financial worries caused Joe Legge to demand re-employment at the steel plant early in 1980. Against his doctor's wishes, he took an office job in the industrial relations department. Within months, the government announced massive layoffs, forcing cutbacks in every department. As the last man hired, Legge was the first to go. The company gave him a choice between unemployment and returning to the coke ovens. (Having proved himself capable of light work, Legge is no longer eligible for compensation, except when he returns to Halifax for further rounds of plastic surgery. When that happens,



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as it did for three months last spring, Legge's income falls to \$173 per week.) He now works in a warehouse about 75 yards from the site of the 1977 accident.

In October, 1979, the victims of the coke ovens explosion had one final fleeting moment in the public spotlight. Murray Hannem, a Sydney lawyer and workers' compensation counsellor, complained to a legislative committee that the Workers' Compensation Board was ignoring the continued suffering of the men he called "the Forgotten 17." Labor Minister Ken Streach, a member of the committee, promised to consider legislation granting the men special pensions. But nothing more was ever heard of the idea.

On August 17, this year, heavy rain caused extensive flooding at the coke ovens. George Clarke, the rigger-ironworker who complained of unpredictable crying jags, spent the following day on a crew that was trying to prevent further damage to the decrepit facility. While they worked, an abnor-

mal buildup of pressure caused gas to leak unseen through a pressure relief device just below the steel platform where they stood. Shortly after 11 p.m., sparks from a torch ignited the gas. A ball of fire shot up around the platform, singeing the eyebrows of one worker, but leaving Clarke and the others unhurt.

Inside the warehouse, Joe Legge heard the blast and watched the doors rattle. He picked up the phone and called a replacement. "You've got 10 minutes to get here," he said, "I'm going home."

George Clarke did not go home. While Legge spent a night punctuated

with screams of terror, his fireball nightmare returning again and again, Clarke stayed behind to help repair the leak. The fourth anniversary of the 1977 explosion was one week away.

Four weeks later, Clarke was rushed to hospital with a bleeding ulcer; an operation removed part of his stomach. While he was recuperating, an acquaintance called Betty Clarke to find out how her husband was doing, and the conversation turned to the most recent explosion. Betty pressed for details. Hadn't she heard about what happened? the caller asked. She hadn't. George Clarke had never mentioned the incident.

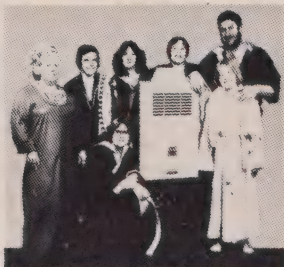
"Snools" are unwelcome in P.E.I. "Thras" too

If Terry Pratt calls you *trappy*, say thank you. He means you're smartly dressed. But if he calls you a *snool* (cringing sneak) or a *thra* (tiresome complainer), you'll have good reason to *strunt* (take offence). These weird words are among 100 that Pratt, an English professor at University of P.E.I., is using in a study of Island dialect. With a postal questionnaire, he asked older Islanders to identify certain words and phrases, but this was only the beginning of what he hopes will be an exhaustive study of Island vocabulary, grammar, pronunciation, speech patterns.

Feeding survey results and information about those surveyed into a computer, Pratt gets breakdowns of word usage by sex, ethnic origin, occupation, educational level, rural or urban background, etc. Thus, he knows that *linders* (undershirt) is common in Prince County and among older women. The questionnaire explored the words people choose to describe common objects: Is a small rounded hill a *knoll*, *hummock*, *mound*, *rise*, or *mole hill*? As his project continues, he'll include face-to-face interviews, and he'll tap Islanders of all ages. In the end, he hopes, he'll be able to put together both a fascinating dictionary and an academic work on P.E.I. linguistics. —Ann Thurlow

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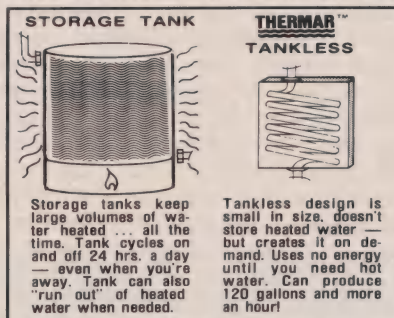
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Cuba is a great place to visit

But no, you wouldn't want to live there. "Freedom," says this major Canadian literary figure, "is a luxury that I'd find it painful to live without"

By Alden Nowlan

Playa Girón, Cuba. Picture it: 1,560 armed Cuban exiles are about to invade their homeland under the auspices of the CIA. Their ships come within sight of the Bay of Pigs, which they remember as a remote, inaccessible and uninhabited mangrove swamp. But in their two years' absence it has been transformed. To their consternation, they see cottages, restaurants, bars and cabarets. Roads have been laid through the swamp. The Bay of Pigs has become a holiday resort. That is how it was here in April 17, 1961—the Third Year of Victory, according to the Revolutionary calendar. "It was as if the Russians had come ashore at Coney Island," William Manchester wrote.

It must have seemed that way to the invaders—"the mercenaries" is their official designation in Cuba today—but actually Playa Girón and Playa Larga on the Bahía de Cochinos are drowsy little places. A few young Cubans swim in the warm green Caribbean while their elders sit in the shade of the palms and pines, as I am doing, and drink the one available brand of domestic beer (nameless and unlabelled because it is the one brand) or eat marvellous ice cream made with real ice, real cream and real fruit. Beer and ice cream are the only—literally the

only—luxuries that are readily obtainable in this country of 9,296,000 people.

A small boy in a school uniform, red shorts and white blouse, whistles at a mocking-bird and the mocking-bird whistles back. I drink rum (the percentage of Havana Club that is exported is so great that even that which is sold within Cuba at \$16.00 a bottle is labelled in English) and try to imagine what it must have been like here when a solid line of Fidel's Russian T-34 tanks were shelling the beach at point-blank range and the exiles waited for the waves of U.S. planes that had been promised them but never came.

The battle is commemorated by a small museum, the only museum I've visited in Cuba, including Ernest Hemingway's house near Havana, in which it is permitted to take pictures. (The guide told us that Hemingway's grandparents were "Redskins." God knows what he thought he was saying. Hemingway's boat, the *Pilar*, stands on blocks near the gate. From the accounts of his arming it and searching for U-boats, I had imagined it to be as big as a gunboat. In reality, it is closer to being a Cape Islander. There is a graveyard for dogs and cats, each with a miniature headstone.)

At the entrance to the Bay of Pigs museum there is a fighter plane: One of

those on which the CIA painted Cuban markings to give the impression that its pilot had defected from Castro's air force. The most evocative exhibit consists of photographs and mementoes of the soldiers who died for the winning side. To me, at 46, so many of them look like children. The mementoes are mostly things taken from the pockets of the dead. Handkerchiefs, toothbrushes, toothpaste, party cards and rosaries. There are a lot of rosaries.

The beer-drinkers and the ice cream-eaters eye me balefully. We have been in Cuba for two weeks, my wife and I, and this is one of the very few times that I've seen animosity in Cuban faces. Oh, in Havana the people in the streets laughed at us. A young man and a young woman from our party were publicly derided to such an extent that they fled back to their hotel. But they were wearing shorts and in Cuba short pants are for little boys. And the snickerers were equally derisive of human oddities who happened to be Cubans. I saw a pack of them baiting a crazy or drunken old man who, in the 80-degree heat, wore a thick overcoat with a high fur collar.

Not only within the resort area at Varadero, where friendliness might be expected since most of the people we've encountered there are employed by the government tourist agency, but in small towns where they seldom see a stranger let alone a foreigner, we've been greeted

with smiles, friendly gesticulations and, when we exercised our phrase book and dictionary Spanish, a patience so great as to be almost loving. On the whole, the Cubans are kinder to outsiders than any people I've met, apart from the Irish and the Newfoundlanders.

But today, here at the Bay of Figs, there is dislike in the 40 or 50 pairs of eyes that are trained upon me. The dislike varies in degree. There are those who would laugh if something unpleasant were to happen to me, if for instance I were to be stung by one of the poisonous jellyfish they call man-of-war, and there are those who obviously would prefer that the man-of-war stung me in the upper arm, where it can stop the heart.

I can't blame them. In fact, as I finish my third stiff drink I begin to identify with them, to the point of casting unfriendly glances at my fellow tourists, especially the two punks who wear T-shirts inscribed "U.S. Marine Corps." They've never served in the Marines. They're Canadians. I can forgive the girl whose T-shirt reads "Miami." She may not know any better. But the two punks are here to rub shit in the faces of the Cubans; and the Cubans—we Cubans, I almost said, the rum working in me—have had enough shit rubbed in their faces. Before the Revolution, Americans owned 75% of the fertile soil. Fewer than 5% of rural Cubans ever tasted bread, eggs or meat. The average per capita income was \$6.00 a week. Before the Revolution—in Cuba that phrase enters naturally into the most casual and non-political conversation—this was known as the Whorehouse of the Caribbean. You could rent a woman as readily as you could rent a hotel room, and often from the same management.

The beach bum has reappeared—not here at Playa Girón where there are no foreigners in residence, but at Varadero—and so, very tentatively, has the pimp. A Canadian who arrived with a suitcase filled with panty-hose could probably carpet his room with wall-to-wall girls. Here panty-hose sell for \$4.80 a pair (waitresses are paid \$118 a month) and are rarely available at any price. In Havana, the little boys in red pants and white blouses flock around tourists in such numbers and with such persistence, chirping, "Cheek-lit, amigo," that I was reminded of the swarm of rapacious boys in *Suddenly, Last Summer*, at least to the extent of understanding why Tennessee Williams had compared them with birds: Such tireless repetitiveness. The tourist trade corrupts everything it touches. Every tourist says so.

Yet, the beach bums are harmless enough. They dance with Canadian women, who are half-drunk on horrible

concoctions such as rum milkshakes, and while they're dancing they nibble earlobes and stroke bottoms. Next week the Canadian women will go back to being wives, mothers and secretaries. But every once in a while there will be a faraway look in their eyes and they'll smile faintly to themselves, remembering Juanito or Antonio. You could say that the beach bums perform a service to humanity.

To a Canadian, even crime in Cuba has a strange innocence about it. Oh, sure, there must be muggers in Havana. It's a very big and very tough city. I'm talking about crime as it may affect a visitor at Varadero or Santa María del Mar. If your room is broken into, as was the case with the couple in the villa next to ours, it's possible that the thieves will leave your money, your travellers' cheques, your camera and your electric razor—and run off with your beach towels and underwear. The most astonishing thing about Cuba, from a Canadian point of view, is that here is a society in which money is simply not very important. You could possess a million pesos and still not be able to buy more than one pair of shoes, one pair of pants and two shirts a year.

After spending her first afternoon walking about Havana, my wife exclaimed, "A city of two million people—and not a single store!" An exaggeration, but in North American terms not very much of an exaggeration.

Attached to every apartment complex (some of which house 17,000 people and none of which has a parking lot) there is a Commercial Centre, which is usually about the size of a department store in a Canadian town with a population of five or six thousand. That's about it, aside from pubs, barber shops, ice cream parlors and little hole-in-the-wall places such as the one where we saw people line up for chickens. (There was a little wire-fenced yard in which the live birds waited to have their necks wrung.)

There are "boutiques" reserved for foreigners. But many of those listed in the 1978 travel guide we bought before leaving Canada no longer exist. Apart from rum, a rack of cotton shirts and the odd Czech tape recorder, those still in business sell pretty much the same things as little roadside souvenir stands in Canada. T-shirts, ash trays, little dolls, silly hats. They also carry very touristy pictures of Che Guevara, which surprised me almost as much as the shoeshine stands. Surely, there's nothing less egalitarian than one man kneeling to clean another man's boots.

But let's get back to the beer-drinkers and ice cream-eaters of Playa Girón.

To them, I'm a gringo.

A young bartender in Havana actually called me that. "I will not serve a gringo," he said. An innocent abroad, I thought at first that he must be joking. I had never heard the word except in a western movie. Besides, I wasn't sure what he had said. So I laughed which, naturally, enraged him. "No gringo!" he roared. The bastard was calling me a gringo! Me! who was no more a Yanqui than he was. "No gringo!" I roared back. "Oiga! Soy de el Canada! Canadiense!" Making a damn fool of myself, until another bartender poured me a drink on the understanding that I chugalug it and then get the hell out of there, which I did.

"Canadiense" didn't help there. But my wife's Canadian flag badge worked a miracle in a restaurant where at first the waiter had all but spit in our faces while three tables of Cubans literally hooted at us. Once he saw the badge, the waiter not only apologized, he made a speech in which he rebuked our fellow diners for their rudeness to two comrades—from Quebec.

We were then served an excellent dinner of roast pork, home-fried potatoes, black rice with black beans, tomatoes and ice cream. Before coming to Cuba, I was warned that the restaurants



Varadero Beach: It was friendly. Not so at the Bay of Pigs

© DEREK CARON/IMAGE BANK

Travel

which served the natives resembled soup kitchens, or worse. This isn't true of those in which we've eaten. The menu may offer only two main courses—roast pork or fried chicken—but the quality is high and the servings are generous. The two of us were given enough for four. What the Cubans don't eat they take home.

At Varadero, we eat outdoors. The houseflies are no more numerous there than they are inside. If you can't eat food that has been touched by flies, don't come to Cuba. Newcomers are easily identifiable. They keep trying to brush away the flies. There are also sparrows—so bold that they'll light beside your plate and peck at your bread—and a dozen dogs: Not famished strays but fat, overfed animals from the town. Canine beach bums. This isn't a complaint; I love it. Fresh oranges, fresh pineapple, fresh tomatoes, fresh milk, fresh fish. Except for breakfast. The Cubans have somehow acquired the macabre belief that a Canadian breakfast consists of a salami and cheese sandwich; and, God forgive them, they sweeten the coffee—sweeten the entire pot before it leaves the kitchen—or, before you can stop them, pour your cup three-quarters full of hot milk.

If you visit Cuba and are the sort of person who likes to make waitresses, chambermaids and children happy, then bring along a Polaroid-type camera. My wife has used up practically all of her film, taking pictures to give away. Rosa, who cleans our villa, wanted a picture of herself standing reverently beside a poster of Fidel. As if it were a likeness of Jesus.

Fidel! Officially, he is referred to not as the Premier but as the Commander-in-Chief. We were in the city of Cienfuegos half an hour before he arrived there to open a new hospital.

That was the most frustrating thing that has happened to me in Cuba. Missing Fidel by 30 minutes. Our bus driver claimed that he had to make a detour because a certain bridge was impassable. (We crossed it on our way back the following day.) So I had to watch his speech on television in a hotel lobby, after passing the hospital, where the little student nurses were lined up in white hats and pink dresses, and experiencing the only kind of traffic jam you're likely to find in Cuba—one caused by tens of thousands of pedestrians.

It's very strange to drive along a country road that is crowded with people on foot for as far as the eye can see. So strange that it reminded me of science fiction films and, also, of the illustrations that used to appear in Jehovah's Witnesses' books back when

their saying was, "Millions now living will never die." It was more like the books than the films, because the faces in the books were ecstatic and the faces of these Cuban men, women and children were scarcely less so. The crowds that gathered for the Sermon on the Mount must have looked like that.

I probably wouldn't have felt the religious connotations so strongly if so many of them hadn't been walking. There were buses, too, and trucks loaded with people, and people on horseback and people on bicycles. There were 20-year-old cars and 25-year-old cars and 30-year-old cars. And there were motorcycles with sidecars and funny little three-wheeled trucks made from motorcycles. But, above all, there were people walking. Walking from every direction, between the fields of sugar cane or citrus trees, past the little houses that, except that they're made



Beer and ice cream are the only luxuries

from adobe or stone instead of wood, resemble the tourist cabins that, in Canada, preceded the motel.

I watched and listened in the hotel lobby, catching about every tenth word, as Fidel worked his audience like a great symphonic conductor with his orchestra. He is given to school-teacherish little jokes, such as pretending that he only happened to drop in and is

surprised that he is expected to speak. At the end, as always, he shouted "Patria o Muerte!" "Fatherland or Death!" The crowd sang the National Anthem, and the television crew muffed it horribly, turning the cameras on the politicians—many of them pudgy, many of them grim-faced, few of them singing and that few obviously uncomfortable about it—when they should have stayed focused on the little pink and white probies and the little red and white "cheek-lit amigos." I was glad that they muffed it. It was reassuring to find that this was a Revolution without a Goebbels.

Tomorrow we are flying back to Canada. If I come back to Cuba, I'll bring candles. There has been a power failure every night, ranging in duration from a minute or two to seven hours.

And I'll remember that the letter "C" on a water tap stands for *Caliente*, and not "Cold."

Trivia. What else have I learned here?

The Revolution is irreversible. When the Cuban masses chant "Fatherland or Death!" they mean it. They'd die rather than give up what they've gained since 1959. Every time that I see another of those huge apartment complexes I reflect that an invader would have to fight for every room.

And this: Freedom is a luxury that I'd find it painful to live without.

I've had to choke back a giggle each time I've been taken to meet a Cuban writer. I know that certain precautions are advisable. But, never having lived under an authoritarian government, I can't help feeling silly. It seems so childish, this dodging in and out of alleys, this business of opening the door of an apartment the merest crack, peering out and then—if the hallway is empty—making a dash for the backstairs, these carefully arranged "accidental" meetings in parks, this waving of handkerchiefs from windows. Like playing Cops and Robbers. Except that it isn't a game. These aren't "dissident" writers; they're simply writers.

I startled the first Cuban writer I met by offering to send him a copy of my novel. Startled him by my naiveté. "But it would be expropriated," he said. His tone wasn't terribly different from that of the tour guide earlier today when he told a sweet old lady from British Columbia that, no, the Bay of Pigs isn't a part of the Mediterranean.

Thinking of those Cuban writers I come close to tears. Not from sadness. Call it gratitude. The heart-rending kind of gratitude you sometimes feel when you receive a gift that you've done nothing to deserve and know you can never repay. ☒

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Crafts

Bessie Murray: An old dream becomes a new career

Her church vestments and hangings made her famous—again

Stretched on an embroidery frame, jammed unceremoniously between the foot of the bed and the wall, is the high-altar frontal for Christ Church Cathedral in Victoria, B.C. Seated before the frame in her Dartmouth, N.S., high-rise apartment, Bessie Murray embroiders gold star flowers on a green cloth. Twenty-five years ago she became

well known as designer of the Nova Scotia tartan, the first regional tartan outside of Scotland to be accepted and registered in Edinburgh. Now she's enjoying a second wave of recognition as one of Canada's foremost designers of ecclesiastical vestments and hangings.

Mrs. Hastings Wainwright, wife of the then pastor of St. James Church in

Herring Cove, N.S., remembers the day Murray's red altar frontal was first used: "There was a gasp throughout the congregation as they came in. Even the children loved it." It's a typical reaction to the work of this artist and designer who is also an author and poet.

Murray became fascinated by ecclesiastical design and embroidery as a student at the Lancaster College of Art in her native England. (She holds a certificate in embroidery from the London City and Guild, and an arts master's from the National Society of Arts of England.) At the college, students studied embroidery, leatherwork, ceramics and weaving as well as auditing classes on wood and alabaster carving and stained glass at the local trade school. The presence of a castle and cathedral in Lancaster spurred Murray's interest in religious crafts and gave her the opportunity to study craft development at first hand.

Then she married, immigrated to Canada and began raising a family of five. By the mid-Fifties, she'd designed the famous blue and gold provincial tartan and become president of Nova Scotia Tartan Ltd., a firm with 50 employees. The company closed in 1965, a time in Murray's life when most people at least consider slowing down. Instead she accepted a commission to design four sets of altar frontals, burses, veils, chasubles and stoles for the newly constructed Church of the Holy Spirit in Dartmouth.

It was an old dream and a new career. One of the weavers hired to turn her designs into yards of handwoven cloth was Evelyn Longard, a member of several international crafts associations,



At St. James Church, Herring Cove, N.S., a classic Murray hanging...



...with a vibrant 3-D effect

including the exclusive Washington-based Twenty Weavers. The two women had known each other for years but never worked together. It was the start of a casual business venture that's been going on ever since.

Murray and Longard credit their success to the individuality of each design and its rightness for the setting. They plan carefully, whether the order is for a single altar frontal or a massive wall covering featuring 50 yards of woven cloth and 45 square feet of solid embroidery. They interview clergy about their preferences and visit the church to take measurements and decide on the design style that will be most appropriate.

Murray decides on the blend, variety and color of fabrics. Longard translates her choices into a weaving pattern for her 12-harness loom. After she makes several samples, both women work the first yard of fabric together until they're satisfied with the effect. Now Longard is on her own, producing yard after yard of fabric at a top speed of 10 inches an hour. The pattern and texture are amazingly consistent throughout. Meanwhile, Murray researches her design. When the cloth is finished, she is ready to begin the embroidery.

Although many of her designs are simple, hangings for the altar of a cathedral must be bold and dramatic to be seen. It means dipping generously into her magpie hoard of buttons, beads, baubles, Indian mirrors, sequins and scraps of suede, satin, gilded kid and woven cloth.

Like all Murray-Longard creations, the frontal they're preparing for the B.C. cathedral has a vibrant, three-dimensional quality. The large central star cross is in three shades of gilded

kid, padded to make it stand out. A blue-green glass bauble glistens at its centre. Around the star cross the constellation of the Virgin flows in hundreds of tiny star flowers against a green background.

Murray won't say which creation is her favorite. Once finished, they are gone and her thoughts are on the next project. Her work is part of churches, small and large, all over Nova Scotia. Roman Catholic Archbishop James M. Hayes owns a red chasuble. Halifax's All Saints Cathedral has two complete sets of vestments including a purple one which has been shown in several national and international exhibits of religious

crafts. St. Andrew's United Church of Halifax has several pieces, including a scarlet and gold altar hanging, highlighting a fixed gold cross.

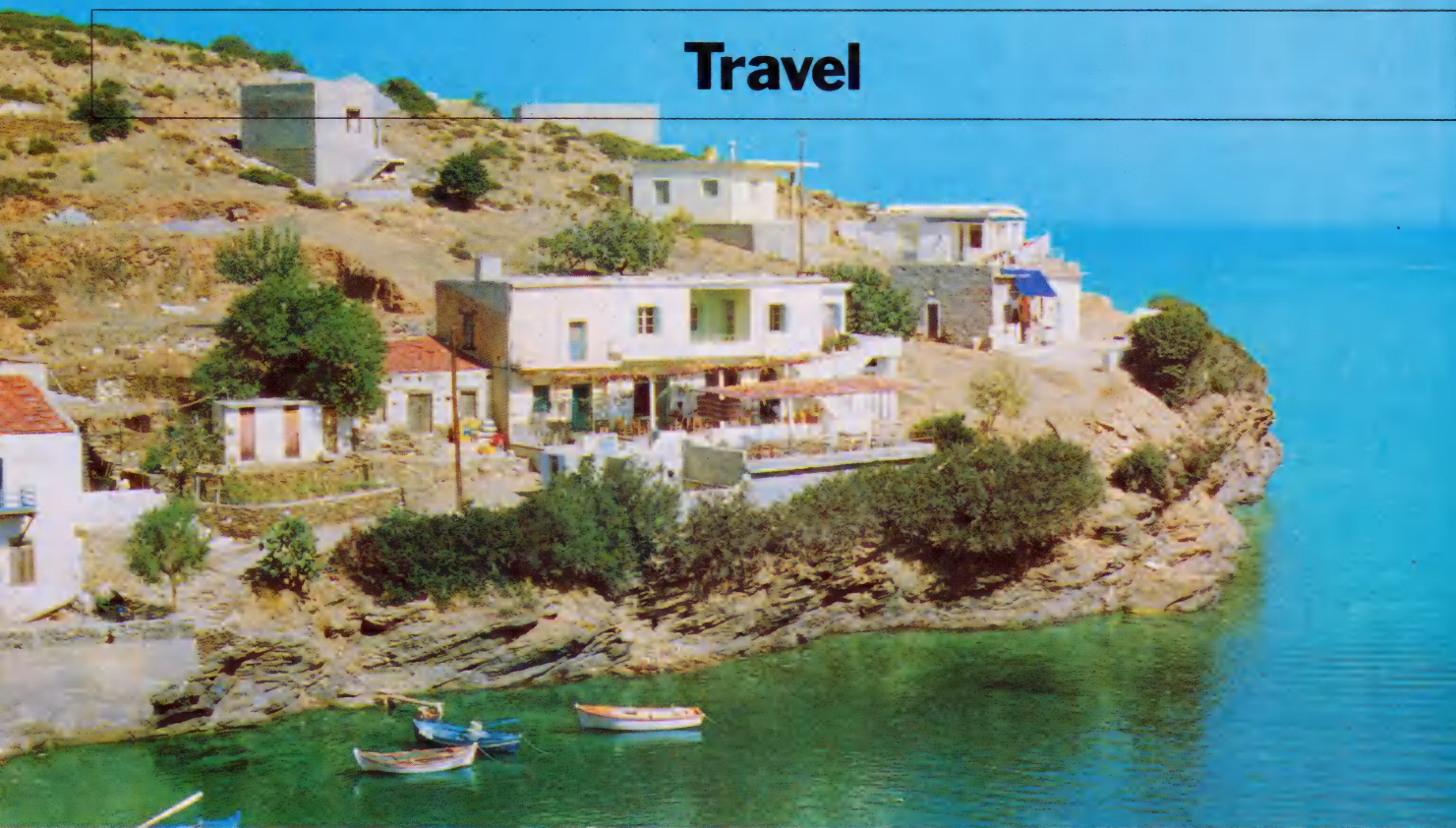
Now in her mid-60s, Murray doesn't think much about age. There aren't enough hours in the day for all she wants to do. She's co-author, with Mary Black, of a children's book, *You Can Weave*, and she's writing an illustrated book of poems based on excerpts from a 19th-century diary. At the wheel of her car, easing through traffic, she is still one with her creative flow. And as the traffic lights turn red, she reaches for the pencil and sketch pad in her glove compartment. — **Veronica Leonard**



The Longard-Murray team



They make glowing altar hangings and, above, richly colored Anglican vestments



Bali: A coastal town, for forgetting

The glory that was Crete

It's the biggest, warmest, most southerly of all the Greek isles. Its past is bloody, mysterious. But right now, "it may just be the world's finest spot for getting lost"

By Harry Bruce

We were bound for Kandanos because from there a good road would lead us through chestnut trees, dark and silvery in the great Greek sunlight, and out of the western mountains, and then down to Palaiokhōra where the Libyan Sea forever washes the dust off the hot beachstones of Crete. We lost our way at Zymbragou. (Ah, how I had yearned to be able to truthfully write a sentence so pregnant with romance. *We lost our way at Zymbragou.* In the western mountains yet. Move over, Hemingway.)

We didn't mind. Crete, land of yogurt and honey, may just be the world's finest spot for getting lost among villages with exotic names: Timbákion, Khora Skafion, Kastélion....Even the names of the two biggest cities, Iraklion and Khania, sound to Canadian ears like fiefdoms in some weird, fictional empire. To add to the strangeness, Khania appears on some maps as Canea and used to be the capital of Crete; while Iraklion, named after Hercules, appears on some maps as Herákleion, was once called Candia

(which, thanks to Crete's historically heavenly honey, gave us the word "candy") and is now the capital of Crete. Thus, Candia is what Canea was, only Candia's now Iraklion, Canea's Khania, and *ouzo* is quicker.

Moreover, at various times during a couple of thousand years of sporadically hideous history, the settlement of what's now Iraklion was also known as Kastro, Khandax and, during the rule of Moslem Arabs, Rabdh al Khandax. A Byzantine Greek general ejected the Arabs in AD 961 after dampening their morale by catapulting other Arabs' heads over the city walls. Crete perfectly conforms to a theory I first developed in the West Indies and now want to spend the rest of my life proving: The more beautiful the island, the more blood-curdling its story.

But aside from rush-hour motorists, who drive as though they were imitating enraged hornets, the cities of Crete—Homer figured that, 3,200 years ago, there were 100 of them—are calm and lovable these days. During 12 days of getting lost in Crete's astounding

jumble of mountains, caves, fruit, ruins, and the cultural detritus of assorted conquests that stretch back for centuries before Christ walked the earth, during all our buzzing by rented Fiat into the scented corners of this island that lies within an hour's flight of violent Europe, violent Africa and the violent Middle East, the most shocking evidence of violence we saw was a dead goat that a hit-and-run driver had left smeared on the highway.

Crete is a third bigger than P.E.I. Khania and Iraklion sit on its 160-mile northern coast, looking toward hundreds of other Greek islands and, beyond them, to mainland Europe. They are low, sprawling towns, full of music at night and, in the morning or evening sun, they're dull gold against the wine-dark Sea of Crete. In each city, Turkish minarets stab the sky and double-ended fishing boats, painted so prettily they could serve as props for a musical comedy, nudge stone piers in the shadow of crenellated Venetian fortresses. Bright, smelly markets seethe with vitality, humor, hawkers, oddballs, weird and luscious produce. Waiters, carrying mighty trays of food and drink above their heads, glide like bullfighters among the charging autos to reach customers on islands of grass.

Khania and Iraklion manage to serve the modern armies of tourists without selling their own souls. Waiters and shopkeepers now get by in half a



The capital, Iraklion, is cosmopolitan but preserves its own soul



The Venetian harborfronts have fascinated visitors for centuries

dozen languages, and bookstores sell up-to-date newspapers from big cities all over the Western world; but, down in the skinny alleys of the ancient Venetian quarters, with their curly, flower-filled balconies and heavy door knockers in the shape of human hands, it is as easy to get lost on foot as it is to get lost in a car near Zymbragou. It happened to us.

We arrived on Crete for the first time early on a Sunday afternoon, went straight to a cheap hotel (about \$15 a night for two) in central Iraklion, opened the tall, faded-blue shutters on the balcony doors of our fourth-floor room, inhaled the impossibly balmy air off the Mediterranean. The sea was a long, purple promise beyond the clothes that flopped from rooftop lines on yellow buildings. The Greek Orthodox church just below us was an appealing architectural mongrel and, after the hellish noise of Athens, the peacefulness of Iraklion seemed marvellous. We could hear strange birds, and the soft wind. So we slept.

We woke at dusk. Jetliners boomed above the clotheslines, the flat clang-clang of a church bell shook our bed and, down in the street, squealing kids played hide-and-seek, teen-agers sang snatches of pop songs together, dogs yelped, women screamed happily, men roared greetings to one another. The church doors opened, the people streamed inside and raised all their voices in one heavensent voice. Sunday night in Iraklion had started. We got up, went out, got gloriously lost.

A maze of inky alleys released us at the open doors of an ugly building. Music poured out the windows. The clatter and chatter sounded like an entire village celebrating a wedding. Outside, the place looked like an abandoned gas station. Inside, it had pink and green wallboard, and the plywood chairs reminded me of the basement recreation hall of a poor rural church back home. The place was filthy. The joint was jumping.

Hundreds of people sat at long tables among wreaths of cigarette smoke. Hairy-chested waiters with wet armpits kept running out from the kitchen with heroic portions of burned steak, fibrous lamb, greasy chicken, Greek salad swimming in olive oil, and teetering bottles of good, cheap local wine. Swarms of tiny children dashed among adult legs. Mothers, brothers, lovers and fine-looking grandfathers kept rising to greet one another and—while a bouzouki-and-guitar trio with a haunting, throaty tenor played the night away—groups of men, women and youngsters took turns on stage, put their hands on one another's shoulders, formed themselves into lines, coils,



FABRILL CRETAIMAGE BANK

For peasantry, old ways are the best ways

snakes and circles, and with solemn but unmistakable joy danced the old dances that they knew best. At home, Sunday night was never like this.

We stayed for three hours and, the wine having improved our navigational skills, made our way through a sweet Mediterranean midnight to our hotel. The music had reminded me of the novel (and movie) *Zorba the Greek*. Its author, Nikos Kazantzakis (1883-1957), was born in Iraklion. His body lies in a tomb up in the massive walls that, four centuries ago, cruel Venetian overlords forced generations of suffering Cretans to build. His inscription reads, "I hope for nothing. I fear nothing. I am free."

That has precisely the right Cretan ring. Since Christ, brave little Crete has been over-run by Romans, the Byzantine Empire, Moslem Arabs, Byzantine Greeks, Venetians for 465 years, Ottoman Turks for 229 years and, for a while in the Second World War, German Nazis. For a couple of millennia, Crete's life has mostly been one of brutal repression and spilled blood—the three-year struggle that ended with the Turks taking Iraklion (Candia) in 1669 killed no less than 140,000 people—and such history breeds a ferocious spirit of independence despite the odds, and a belief that death is forever preferable to dishonor. Crete's past is full of heroes with

suicidal nobility. To see some modern ones—with theatrical tribal uniforms, scimitars, mountain men's boots, burning eyes and luxuriant moustaches—you need only gaze upon the old photos of 19th-century freedom fighters in Iraklion's historical and ethnographic museum.

After the invasions Crete has endured, it's not surprising that her people can handle hordes of mere tourists with aplomb. What attracts many visitors, however, is neither the grace nor heroism of the modern Cretans. It's the mystery of the ancient Cretans. Greek scholar H.D.F. Kitto has written, "From early in the third millennium to about 1,400 BC—a period as long as from the

Fall of Rome to the present day—Crete, especially the city of Cnossos, was the centre of a brilliant civilization which gradually spread in all directions over the Aegean world." A rich, half-blind British archeologist named Arthur Evans began to unearth the palace at Cnossos on the outskirts of Iraklion in 1900, and the site has since become one of the world's busiest tourist attractions.



PENNY BRUCE

What did it hold millennia ago? A corpse maybe?

The discovery was a tangible link to ancient Greek legends about King Minos (the son of Zeus who looked like a bull), the priest-kings who succeeded Minos and kept his name, and a strange religion that featured a white bull's grisly doings at the heart of a labyrinth. Legends aside, Minoan society was apparently elegant, aristocratic, playful. The men liked hunting, acrobatics, bull baiting. The women wore makeup, may have gone topless and, according to some experts, looked like 20th-century Parisians. The palace had a flush toilet, and a highly advanced drainage system. The Minoans also boasted the world's first royal navy.

Evidence that a volcano, earthquake and tidal wave may have destroyed Minoan civilization overnight lends a creepy appeal to both the ruins and the superb collection of Minoan art in Iraklion's archeological museum. (What is it in our own threatening century that attracts us to news of massive calamity?) Apprehensive packs of Americans and Europeans, each group with its own bossy guide, troop through Cnossos daily. They catch up with one another, walk on one another's heels and, down in the damp, black depths of the labyrinth, often become clogged like a logjam in some subterranean river. (Claustrophobics beware.) Signs forbid you to take so much as a twig or pebble off the sacred grounds of Cnossos but, at the bottom of several man-high clay pots—some no doubt 3,000 years old—you see empty film packages, cigarette boxes, candy wrappers, apple cores, used Kleenex, and other casual leavings of the disrespectful.

Archeological purists see such desecration as time's fitting revenge on Arthur Evans. It was he who revealed Cnossos to the Greek tourist industry as a gift of the gods. Some feel that as he "restored" the greatest of all Minoan palaces, he tarted it up till it became "a concrete Disneyland." But the guides volunteer nothing on that controversy, nor on the dreadful new theory of German scientist Hans George Wunderlich. He argues that no one ever lived, loved, laughed, turned somersaults or engaged in any other pleasant pursuits in the palace; that it was really an intricate tomb for thousands of local aristocrats; that the drainage system was merely a convenience to the undertakers who washed the bodies; that the bathtubs were a form of coffin; that those handsome, rust-colored receptacles that now gather garbage never did hold honey, barley, or grain. They held corpses. Those fun-loving Minoans belonged to a Cult of the Dead, and Cnossos was a City of the Dead. I think I'd rather get lost at Zymbragou. Or Réthimnon.

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Travel

Réthimnon lies between Iraklion and Khania, and it was our favorite place. A sunny, sprawling, tumbledown, seaside city with a broad, central beach, it is both lively and physically decadent. All over Crete, the fragility and corruption of certain buildings seemed to lend the people a peculiar vitality. The more ancient, crumbling and threatening some nearby wall appeared, the more charming and energetic the waiters were, the more pushy the panhandling cats were, the more delicate the fried squid and ingratiating the white wine. It was like proceeding with a magnificent banquet for two just after a bomb has blown away half your house. Love



"Gods of water and light" influence north coast



Find a village. Get lost

among the ruins. Nowhere did we have this fine feeling more than we did in Réthimnon.

"Réthimnon," Cretan writer A. Nenedakis says, "is more typically Greek than any other city in Greece. It retains, as few of the known ancient cities of the Greek domain do, the color and spirit of all the eras that recede deep into the past."

It has a short strip of restaurants with tables so close to the slick harbor you can touch the bows of boats without getting up. One night, just inland from there, we found a grubby *taverna*

where three lanes met. We sat down outside, near a white-haired man. He had his trousers tucked inside black, knee-high boots, and he also wore a white shirt, embroidered vest, and black lace on his forehead. While a younger guy accompanied him on the guitar, he sang songs of Crete as freely as though he were alone in a shower. After he left, the guy with the guitar and his friends wallowed in outrageously sorrowful renditions of Spanish love songs.

We wandered about a block. In a small lighted courtyard, a dozen men and women sat beside a sumach tree. They were eating, drinking, whooping—and singing. Come in, come in, they

gestured, but we ambled along till we found The Vault. It was like a chapel inside, with white stucco and an arched ceiling. The crowd sat like a church congregation, but drank wine and smoked cigarettes. The big wooden furniture gleamed in the candlelight like freshly peeled chestnuts.

Up where you'd expect a clergyman, three bearded young men with guitars and bouzoukis made beautiful music together. Singing Cretan folksongs, they harmonized like lusty angels. The Vault, the proprietor told us, had once been a stable. Maybe six centuries ago.

Khania's waterfront is even prettier than Réthimnon's. We reached it after dark, found another \$15 room. It was in the Plaza Hotel and, judging by the place's appearance, plumbing and squeaky beds, we missed its heyday by half a century. But our balcony overlooked the nightly waterfront *volta*, a casual parade of both contented local families and young tourists on the make for the Ultimate Experience. Elegant wrought-iron streetlamps punctuated the esplanade. Hundreds of chattering people quaffed wine at the water's edge, and gorged on red mullet, snapper, spiced lamb. The colored lights of the restaurants shimmered on the black harbor. Bouzouki music and the ubiquitous beat of disco competed in the festive air; and two small boys, who should have been home in bed, fished from the old quay. A strange lighthouse benignly reigned over this whole scene. It was Turkish. It was an ornate, Asian candlestick on the antique table of the Mediterranean, and it glowed in golden floodlights. The

lights went out shortly before midnight. The lighthouse disappeared. The waterfront closed for the night.

It was the next morning that we plunged into the mountains, south-bound for Palaiochóra and the Libyan Sea. Whenever I want to recall the countryside of Crete, I dig out a story I clipped from the *International Herald Tribune* about the poetry of Odysseus Elytis who was born in Iraklion and, in 1979, won the Nobel Prize for literature: "There is such a consistent celebration of the sea and sun as to suggest a kind of pagan mysticism, a pantheism, a worship of the gods of water and light....In 'The Autopsy,' the central metaphor is that of the body of Greece cut open to reveal its most enduring elements: The olive root in the recesses of its heart, the strange heat in its entrails, the blue line of the horizon below its skin, the dead echoes of the sky in its brain and some light, fine sand in the hollow of an ear."

At Zymbragou, the road seemed to stop at the town church. But a mountain man, surely a grandson of a freedom fighter, indicated it actually wound around the church and on into even higher country. "Up and up and up," he mysteriously advised. "No good *strasa*, bye-bye." With every foot the road climbed, it got more terrifying. Driving on Crete's mountainside hairpins, one travel writer warns, "can reduce even the hardest traveller to expressions of anguish worthy of the brush of the famed El Greco." (El Greco, incidentally, was a Cretan.)

After a while, however, we popped out on a wide, smooth highway. Now we understood. We had indeed gone up and up and up. We said goodbye to the no-good *strasa*, and rolled on down to the south coast. Palaiochóra was everything we'd hoped it would be. And then some. ☒

Two good ways to get there

If you want to stop in London for a while, fly Air Canada out of Halifax to Heathrow Airport. Then take British Airways from there to Athens. If you prefer blowing a little time in Montreal, you can fly direct from there to Athens by Canadian Pacific. The Greek airline, Olympic Airways flies from Athens to Crete (Iraklion) several times a day. The flight takes 45 minutes.

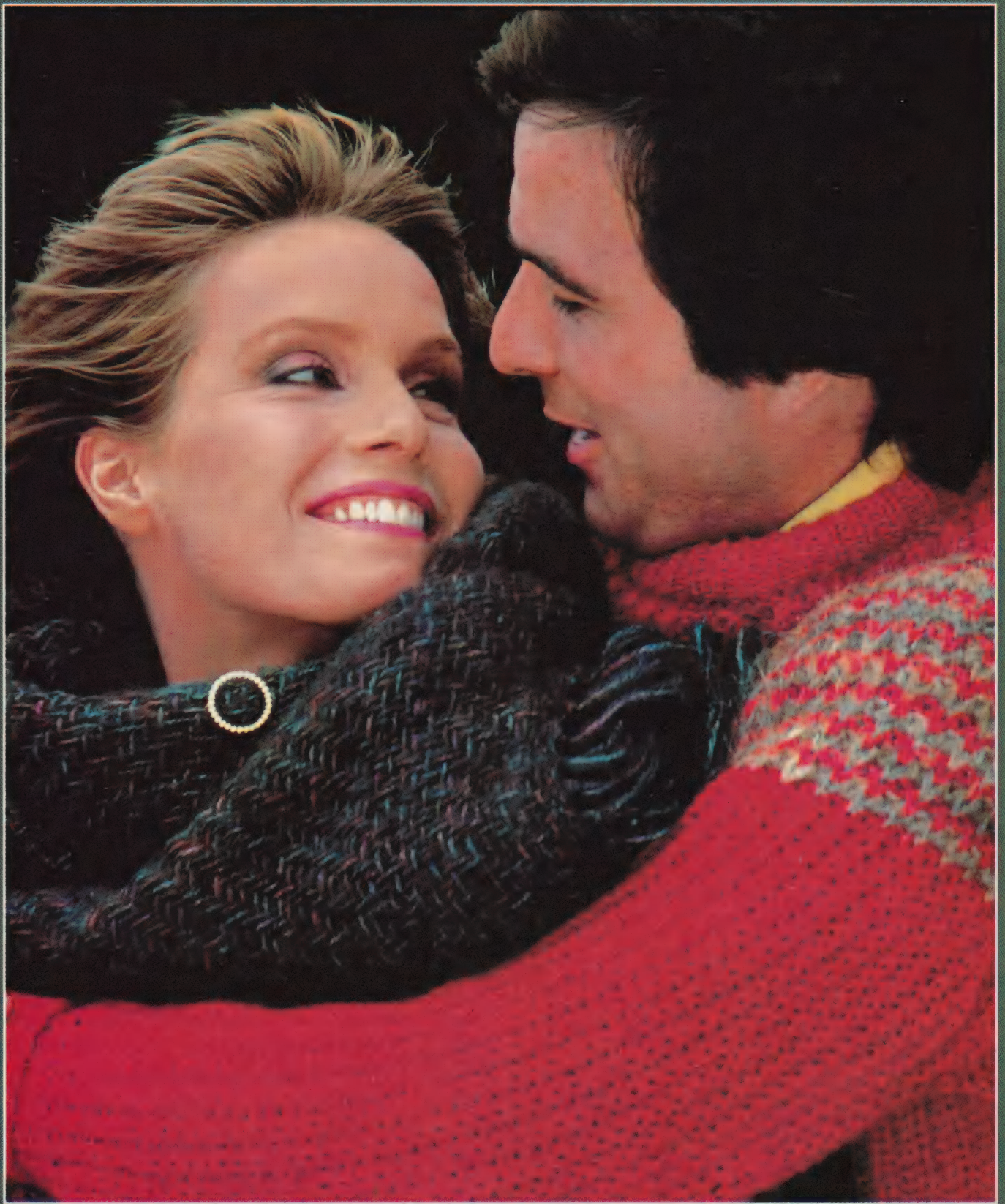
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Opinion

Alberta-bashing? Who us?

*No, we'd rather blame Ottawa for increasing oil prices.
We have, well, a history of ties to the west*

Every time that dreadful Peter Lougheed does something awful my phone rings. It's some Alberta radio station calling. The person at the other end is in a sizzling desperation for what everyone needs during a crisis: A freelance journalist. What she (it's usually a she) wants to know lest she catch fire is how the resistance is progressing. Have Maritimers been provoked beyond endurance by yet another Alberta-inspired oil price rise? Are fishermen, neck veins purple and false teeth hissing, brandishing their two-tined prongs at the western skies? Are spud farmers hurling rotting culls at the setting sun? Are troop trains being assembled?

"Well, er, no," I reply, rising to the occasion. "Nobody's saying a word."

A significance-laden silence ensues during which the lady's universe comes apart. "N-n-n-nothing?" she stutters. If true, it's a reversal of logic as remarkable as Einstein's overthrow of Newton. If they're mad as hell in Ontario, doesn't it stand to reason that they're bursting their bile ducts on the coast, considering their much-publicized dependence on oil? Doesn't the east get more despicably eastly the farther east one goes? Don't Ontario showers become raging storms that crack their heads on coastal promontories?

"No, no, it's not like that at all," I explain. "Out here we have, well, a long-standing affection for the west."

"Why?"

"Well, it's a matter of history and all that...you know."

"No, I don't."

The lady rings off with weary frustration. Hostile Ontarians are one thing, but how do you handle inscrutable Maritimers?

The problem is too fine to explain on the phone. But being in gleeful possession of a printed page, I shall now explain why Maritimers can't really get mad at the west.

In my case, it happened along the railroad track on the South Shore of Nova Scotia. At some point when I was a wee tad in hot pursuit of some

hapless toad or snake, I paused to wonder where the railroad led to after it disappeared into the trees. I guessed it followed the shore to Halifax. But beyond that? Surely not to Montreal. Despite my being an Acadian, the best Montreal could do for me was evoke an image of missionaries burning at the stake. Pungent stuff, but you didn't need something as important as a railway for that. And Toronto was just a little pile of boxes, as suggested in the well-known injunction: "Send your Puffed Rice box tops to Box 120, Toronto."

No, the rails ran boldly into Winnipeg and from there on to the great prairies. Here was a real world of grain elevators, cowboys, combines and all that to which a lad could aspire.

That was my first impression of the country: A great coastline backed by a great forest through which ran a railway directly to the Prairies, skipping past a few paltry dude outfits in between. And how did this knowledge come about? Well, someone around got the *Winnipeg Free Press Weekly* and it would get deposited at the general store. I couldn't read yet, but the pictures told the tale. And what Maritime rural community didn't have the *Free Press Weekly* floating around?

And of course we got flour from the west. This was brought home to me during the 1952 rail strike. My grandfather hawked down to his gut, let one go at the spittoon and intoned in the voice of doom: "The strike's only a day old and already there's no more flour at the store." No more flour at the store? I shuddered. We would all starve. Or eat salt eels three times a day.

The west and the Maritimes made common cause in the 1920s in a great political battle of the day. The west fought for official recognition of the Crows Nest Pass Rates and the Maritimes for the Maritime Freight Rate Act—this at a time when railways meant everything. They fought against the silly buggers of Ottawa and they won, they won! And it was a famous victory! (What good did it do? you ask. That's another story.)

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East and west joined forces in the cause of "fish and wheat"—Ontario newspaper columnists used the phrase with whining contempt. To them, it was an outrage that Ontario's finest institution, the Parliament of Canada, was full of uncouth types from east and west always bellyaching about "fish and wheat."

During the Depression, Maritimers sent carloads of salt cod as relief for hard-pressed western farmers. In her book, *Grass Roots*, Winnipeg writer Heather Robertson quotes an old farmer from Biggar, Sask. "They were flat and yellow and stiff as boards. Nobody knew what to do with them. Who in Saskatchewan had ever seen a salt cod?... They were totally inedible. And the stink was terrible.... The pigs couldn't eat it. So we gathered the cod up and buried it."

So we didn't do much to help westerners survive (they survived anyway as it turns out). What we did do was contribute to the political evolution which has made the west what it is today. Peter Lougheed—not a bad guy after all—knows all this and is returning the favor. He lends the Atlantic provinces money at the same preferential rates as Ontario has on the New York money markets. This makes Bill Davis mad. Why should second-raters be able to do as well as Ontario? It's not fair.

So, you see, it's rather complicated but it explains why we can't get mad at the west. And even if Alberta dropped an atomic bomb on Upper Musquodoboit we would find a way to blame Ottawa for it instead.

— Ralph Surette

Hit'em again—they're still experimenting

When Shannon Burnie agreed to set 58 lobster traps in the Bay of Fundy off-season, he thought it was for a scientific experiment. Federal fisheries biologists at St. Andrews, N.B., are studying lobsters in the bay and they'd got a special permit to set 186 traps. Burnie, who's from Litchfield in Nova Scotia's Annapolis Valley, used his own traps. The problem was, nobody with the fisheries biologists told the local fisheries patrol boat about the study or the special permit. So, ever vigilant, the patrol moved in on Burnie's traps, smashed them to pieces and brought what was left back to the area fisheries office. When last heard from, Burnie was facing a trapless open season and hoping for compensation from federal officials.

FOLKS



RICHARD FURLONG

Simmons: Chicken-bone forecasting

Herb Simmons has a gift. "Everyone has one," the 62-year-old Summerside native says. "And mine's the weather. I'm not perfect, but neither are the weathermen." Simmons forecasts the weather with chicken bones. Forecasting begins in the fall when an Island-raised chicken, born the previous spring, is killed, cooked and consumed, and the breastbone removed, washed and dried. Then Simmons goes to work. By examining the color of the bone, he predicts the extent of the snowfall: The whiter the bone, the heavier the snow. He also sections the bone to provide monthly predictions. He forecasts temperatures by measuring the thickness of a corn husk and corroborates all findings by watching the first quarter of the moon. Simmons went public with his predictions in 1972. A year earlier he planned to share his prognosis with reporters but chickened out. "I thought people might laugh. But it turned out to be very accurate and that gave me the confidence the next year." This year, as he predicted, the Island received an early snowfall and Simmons expects more snow than last year and somewhat colder temperatures. How accurate is he? "I've been wrong a few times but I'd say I'm 75% right."

Herb Simmons was right about P.E.I.'s weather last year, and for this winter he's predicting even colder temperatures. There'll be more snow than last year and fewer thaws.

Jim Costello, 74, former coal miner from Sydney Mines, N.S., is a psychology major at University of P.E.I. and, come spring, expects to graduate. While still a stripling of 59, Jim suffered a crippling mining accident. It inspired him to go back to school: "I'd only gone as far as Grade 6, and I always had this daydream of getting more education. . . . I get a lot more out of my classes than I would out of a trip to Florida." Jim must use a cane to get around but nevertheless he was spry enough — and popular enough — to beat two somewhat prettier (and very much younger) candidates for a seat on student council.

After graduating from the University of P.E.I. Jim Costello returned to Sydney Mines, where he's taking life easy these days. "Jimmy's a great one for talking to people," says a friend. "He just enjoys living."



DAVID NICHOLS

Gass loves computers' speed, complexity

For two years, Dale Gass, 12, of Hilden, N.S., saved his money to buy himself something special: A \$2,000 Sorcerer computer. He's now sold two computer program tapes to a Halifax computer shop. Math has always been a snap for Dale. He used to program calculators, but they got too easy. Dale spends all his free time on his Sorcerer, working out complex games and "I never get tired of it." The speed and complexity intrigue him: "They can do anything you want them to do." His father John, also a computer buff, says he's not in Dale's league. Few are. Dale's math teacher, seeking computer information once in a store, was told to check with Dale.

Computers still fascinate Dale Gass, who is now 15 and in Grade 11. Last summer, he worked for a Truro firm, writing programs in APL Interpreter (an advanced computer language), and although he has not yet chosen a career, it will "very likely be something in computers."



Gregory: Puzzling it out

The Meleda puzzle, the story goes, was invented by an ancient Chinese soldier to occupy his wife while he was off doing battle. It consists of loops intricately attached to a bar as long as a knitting needle, and worked well because when the soldier returned, he found that his wife hardly realized he'd been away. Frank Gregory, 27, of Sackville, N.B., got his Meleda as a teen-ager in Winnipeg and took 10 years to solve it. He decided to make one himself, then made others with names such as Imprisoned Heart and Triangular Spiral. Soon he was making 10 different puzzles, which he displayed at the town's 1980 Christmas craft show. At first, Gregory's contraptions, made of welding wire, wood, twine and beads, went over like lead balloons. "When most people think of metal puzzles, they think of miniature party favors," he says. But "old-timers remember the large puzzles. Apparently they were well known years ago." By the end of the show, he'd sold out. Gregory, a chemist at the RCMP crime laboratory, spends 20 painstaking hours a week making puzzles. "If one loop is out an eighth of an inch, a puzzle will not work." He guarantees a solution for each puzzle, but not everyone may be able to find the solution. "Some scientists once worked on a puzzle for four hours, then threw it down in disgust. A two-year-old baby picked it up and within minutes he had it."

Last year, Gregory took his puzzles to the Christmas Craft Show at Halifax's Dalhousie Arts Centre where, according to the organizers, "we outsold everybody. . . . As people left, ours was the display they were all talking about." But this year's show will be his last in the Maritimes; he's being transferred to Edmonton. ☒

Continued on Page 55



Turcotte: An extraordinary man, always in pain



He oversees beef farm from his wheelchair

PHOTOS BY MICHAEL SAUNDERS

Pale horse, tough rider

In 1978, jockey Ron Turcotte saw his career end in a grinding clash of hoofs and a splintering of bones. Doctors say he'll never walk again. He thinks he will. Don't bet against it

By Jon Everett

Ron Turcotte was the best jockey in the world. When he was aboard, mediocre horses were threats to win and great horses became unbeatable. Turcotte, the pride of Grand Falls, N.B., won the Triple Crown in 1973 and piled up \$28 million in purses during a fabulous 17-year career. He rode seven days a week, six or seven times a day, and there wasn't a jockey alive he couldn't beat. Then on July 13, 1978, in the eighth race at Belmont Park in New York, Turcotte lined up against a jockey who has never lost to anyone since the beginning of time. The Racing Form contains no information on him, but the Bible provides this description: "Behold, a pale horse, and his name that sat on him was Death." In the fateful race, 50 yards from the starting gate, someone cut sharply in front of Turcotte's mount which in turn clipped a third horse and went down. Turcotte crashed

onto his neck, his career shattered like the bones in his back. He had broken his sternum, two vertebrae and fractured two others.

That day and for several days, as he lay semi-conscious in hospital, paralysed from the chest down, Turcotte could hear the footsteps of the pale horse drawing nearer. Meningitis developed; a priest pronounced last rites. Yet Death had finally met his match. Try as he may then and since, he has done no better than any mortal jockey. He cannot catch Ron Turcotte.

Turcotte, 40, rides a wheelchair now in obscurity in his home in Drum-

mond, a village outside Grand Falls in northwestern New Brunswick. Around his chest, like "a tourniquet made of barbed wire," is a band of continuous, excruciating pain. In his bladder is a perpetual infection that periodically heats his body to 105 degrees fahrenheit, the twilight zone where consciousness can end and coma begin. But Turcotte regards the torment as a rival for his senses and he has never given in to any rival. He takes antibiotics to prevent the infection from consuming him, but no pills for the pain unless it becomes "too intolerable." Ron Turcotte is, as he has always been, an extraordinary man.

Turcotte's oft-repeated story, how the small son of a poor woodcutter went to Toronto in search of opportunity and became a sports giant, has passed into folklore. He quit school at 13 to follow in his father's footsteps. Hardly bigger than Paul Bunyan's

thumb, he was an unlikely lumberjack at five-foot-one—his full adult height—and a pudgy 125 pounds. But he was driven to succeed. "I had a little inferiority complex. I felt smaller than the rest of them and so I tried very hard to be the size of them."

In 1960 he went to Toronto to work at roofing, but



Ron, Gaetane and their four daughters

there was a carpenters' strike on, and he didn't work for a month. That May he sat in his landlord's living room watching the Kentucky Derby on TV. It was the first horse race he'd ever seen. The landlord suggested his size might land him a job at Woodbine race track. After three unsuccessful tries Turcotte was hired to "walk hots," horses that needed cooling off. He loved it. "After working 12 hours a day in the woods, it was easy."

One year later he rode his first mount. Two years later he was the top jockey in Canada. Five years later he rode in the Kentucky Derby. Aboard Tom Rolfe, he placed third, then won the Preakness and placed second in the Belmont Stakes. His performance in these three Triple Crown races established him among the riding elite. Then, in 1978, it was all over.

After the accident, the Turcottes sold their \$250,000 home in suburban Oyster Bay on Long Island, N.Y., and built a \$300,000 home out of fieldstone on farmland which had belonged to the family of Ron's wife, Gaetane, in Drummond. At first Turcotte talked of raising thoroughbreds. When he realized he'd have to devote all his energies to fighting for his life he settled for 50 head of Hereford beef cattle which Gaetane manages. He's spent 10 months out of the past 42 in hospitals in Fredericton, Toronto and New York and undergone four operations. He misses hunting—he's a crack shot—and fishing, but he cannot stand exposure to damp or cold. He's had to learn to occupy himself with sedentary pastimes, so he reads the *Racing Form* and watches *Good Morning America* on TV. He keeps tabs on the investments he and Gaetane socked away "for a rainy day," never dreaming they'd be hit by a tidal wave. When he feels up to it, he'll go for a spin in his hand-controlled maroon Cadillac Eldorado with its specially designed wide doors. This year he's also become involved with two public issues, the Year of the Disabled Persons campaign for greater accommodation of the needs of paraplegics, and the French immersion controversy in Grand Falls

The Turcottes have four N.Y.-born unilingual English-speaking daughters, Linda, 15, Ann, 14, Tina, 12, and Tammy, 7. They became interested in the immersion program for Tammy, who took Grade 1 in the French system and is now in the English system. But generally Turcotte can't understand why the school system isn't geared to facilitate fluency in French for all his girls. "I'm really frustrated because that [language instruction] was our purpose in coming to Canada, because

we had something that wasn't available in the States."

Turcotte says he wouldn't object to his daughters becoming jockeys although he doubts if any woman, even one with Turcotte genes, can reach the pinnacle in the sport. "I've known a few girls who can ride better than 90% of the boys. But I don't think the best girl jockey can compete with the best boy jockey. As tough as a girl jockey wants to be and act, she'll lose a race, get very emotional and break down, and it has to show in the next race." Four Turcottes are riding today: Ron's brothers Rudy and Yves in Maryland, Noel in Toronto and Roger in Calgary.

Only the best jockeys earn the big bucks Turcotte did: His before-tax earnings totalled \$2.8 million. The majority earn less than factory workers. He says, "When I was riding, jockeys were paid \$35 per mount, \$45 for third place, \$55 for second, and 10% of the purse for winning [which can be a substantial sum]." But the owners of the fastest horses try to hire the best jockeys so the average jockey is often left with longshots. Weight is a crucial factor: Light jockeys under 100 pounds are in demand while those who balloon past 110 may find themselves shunned. And injuries are not uncommon. Before his final accident, Turcotte broke his



Captain Morgan White.

COOL, CLEAR, REFRESHING TASTE.



SPORTS

ribs several times, his leg once, bruised his heart and lung muscles, suffered a concussion and risked being trampled in one race when his horse died of a heart attack while out in front of 12 other horses.

Turcotte's greatest moment in racing came when he rode wonder horse Secretariat to the Triple Crown in 1973, the first such winner since Citation in 1948. Secretariat raced 21 times in his career and won 17; Turcotte was aboard for 16 of those victories. "The old-timers, those who saw them all

including Man O' War, told me that Secretariat was the best they'd ever seen. It wasn't like riding flesh and blood at all. Secretariat was a machine." Turcotte's been inducted into five halls of fame: New Brunswick Sports, National Museum of Racing (U.S. racing), Canadian Sports, Canadian Racing and Long Island Sports. Happily, he's got more than just plaques and press clippings left over from his salad days. "We've got enough money to live comfortably," he says.



He's determined to walk again

A word about tools for the future



Knowledge.

The information explosion is upon us. Two-way television systems are piloting new approaches to the exchange of human knowledge.

By pressing a hand-held keyboard similar to a pocket calculator, the user can consult an index and select detailed information. This data can pop up on a television screen or come rattling out of a home printer on paper.

In the future, our children will be able to conduct business transactions, take educational courses, view stock market and weather reports, receive mail — including newspapers, make travel and theatre reservations in their own homes, all by computer.

To make full use of the marvels of the future our students require tools; numerical concepts, communication skills, an understanding of history for a true sense of the present and a realization of the scope of the world, its inhabitants and systems.

We, the teachers of Atlantic Canada believe it is our responsibility to prepare today's students for tomorrow.

It is our job to give them the tools.

Something to think about

Atlantic Canada Teachers

Living comfortably means—among other things—being able to say no. Turcotte did, to a Hollywood agent who appeared almost before the dust of the accident had settled, waving a contract for film rights. Turcotte wanted authenticity. The studio wanted commercial fiction. Turcotte says the script writer didn't even try to be factual. "He was supposed to spend some time with me, but he just came down for about two hours, long enough to get the names straight." After reading one dismal revised script after another, Turcotte told the studio to keep its \$150,000.

He is determined not only to overcome his infection and pain, but also to walk again. He pins his hopes on science, but he also goes to church every Sunday. "Science is coming up with something new every day," he says. "Who knows? Some scientists claim there is nerve rejuvenation. Others claim the spinal nerves never regenerate."

His resolve is formidable. Once, a Saint John doctor took one look at him and said: "What do you want? You'll never walk again. You don't need another operation. And you'll always be in pain." Turcotte also knows the odds against his walking are perhaps a billion to one. But his whole life has been a longshot. That didn't stop him from achieving his other goals. Why change now? ☒

KeymarTM Heat Machines. The Jones family's foul weather friend.

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Mom: "Keeping the whole house warm these days is so expensive... the Keymar lets me heat a room at a time. And one keeps my greenhouse producing all winter long."

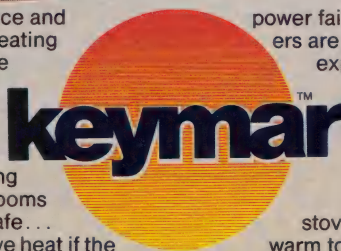
Bobby: "When we go ice fishing the Keymar warms the hut up fast. We stay all day... it's great. Dad says it's real safe too!"

Dad: "The Keymar is all the heat I need in my garage and workshop. I'm glad it's around if there's a real cold snap or power failure."

Jill: "Our Keymar goes to the ski cabin every weekend. It's a 'Vara-Temp' model so we put it on high to get the place cozy, then low to keep us warm all night."



The Canadian winter is a fearsome thing: snow, ice and arctic temperatures. When energy was cheap, beating back the weather was affordable. The winters are still as tough but home heating costs have sky-rocketed. These days Canadians are looking for ways to stay warm - economically. More and more they're discovering they can save money by turning down the furnace and using Keymar kerosene heaters to warm up only the rooms in use. A Keymar is portable heat... instant... safe... economical. Plus, it's comforting to know you have heat if the



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Harry Bruce's column

Wanna have a rotten vacation? Have we got a deal for you

Our winters are truly awful; just the thing to attract the Masochist Market. There's money in them thar fools

A U.S. outfit that packages tours for Those Who've Been Everywhere has been known to dump affluent tourists on the Magdalen Islands in March. Now the Gulf of St. Lawrence may not strike you as a haven of tropical pleasure for the winter-weary, but these were the kind of people who think nothing of blowing several thousand dollars to look at big tortoises in the Galapagos Islands, and what they were happy to buy in the Magdalens was simply a chance to see all those cute little seals flop around on the ice. Dreamers predicted these annual invasions of rich nature-lovers would become so important to the Magdalens' economy that the locals would quit braining the seals for cash, and everyone would live happily ever after. Oh well.

The seal-watching expeditions did get a few tourists into this part of the world during our off-season (which, together with our cold-shoulder seasons, lasts roughly 10 months), and if some of them went home with frost-bite, so what? They wanted a fresh experience, didn't they? They'd never have gone to the Magdalens in the first place if they weren't sick to death of the clichés of Paris and London, the pollution-eroded glories of Athens, the corruption of Nice, the hot, fleshy escapades at tedious hedonists' clubs in the Caribbean. The Magdalens offered Nature in the Raw, harsh reality in a largely artificial world, the certainty of being uncomfortable, the thrilling possibility of falling off the ice and into the ocean.

The Atlantic provinces in winter are every bit as miserable as the Magdalens. By any reasonable standards of unpleasantness they can hold their heads high in the company of Greenland, Spitsbergen, the Bering Strait or Cape Horn. The trouble is our hide-bound tourism officials and, indeed, our entire "hospitality industry" have woefully failed to celebrate the true awfulness of our winters (though they do an excellent job of disguising the true awfulness of some of our summers). Granted, we have managed to

lure busloads of frail American pensioners on Autumn Foliage Tours that set their elderly teeth chattering earlier in the season than ever before in their lives. But that's not enough.

The phenomenon our tourism flacks have somehow missed is the rise of the Masochist Market. Yet it could be the salvation of our entire tourist industry. It consists of people who shell out thousands upon thousands of dollars to fly to Africa, hire a guide, creep up on a rhinoceros, stand just upwind of the monster and pray God the wind doesn't switch. It consists of the amateur mountain climbers who every year commit something very close to mass suicide in the Alps, and those who save and scrimp just so they can jump on a raft and terrify themselves by bouncing down a roaring, foaming river. Any day now, some packager will come up with War Zone Tours. Well-heeled thrill seekers will pay top dollar to put on battle fatigues and join a gang of mercenaries in the rat-ridden, guerrilla-infested jungle of their choice. A seven-day tour of Protestant pubs in Belfast might also appeal to the booming Masochist Market.

I suspect it includes those who go to horrible places just to one-up their friends. *Yes, my dear, we had a simply lovely Yuletide in Siberia.* It'll cost you \$695 to join a 13-day tour entitled "Russian Winter in Siberia," and I'm not kidding about this one. You get to spend New Year's up there in the jolly, old, salt-mine country, to visit the invitingly named town of Bratsk, and enchanting Irkutsk. God knows how many million heretics, dissidents, convicts, assorted varieties of backsliders and other poor doomed sods got free passage to Irkutsk over the past few centuries. You, of course, will have to pay for your Siberian outing but, unlike them, you'll have a return ticket. Even so, I wouldn't burble on too much about your admiration for Alexander Solzhenitsyn. Just relax, and since the Soviets are crazy about Robert Burns, be sure to sing "Auld Lang Syne." And have a happy holi-



day, y'hear?

But why let Siberia grab off this juicy trade? What can it offer that a Moncton blizzard can't? If it's a dash of prison ambience that masochistic tourists want, their tour could include a two-hour visit to the exercise yard at Dorchester Pen. A February bus ride on Cape Breton's Meat Cove Road offers all tourists with the slightest fear of height a never-to-be-forgotten vacation experience. (Remembering it, they'll wake up screaming for the rest of their lives.) Newfoundland fishermen could take visitors offshore in open boats to gaze at the craggy, storm-lashed, *bare* beauty of famous bird rocks that the birds have fled. The opportunities for Authentic Experience are boundless: Icebound ferries, snow-bound trains, fogbound planes, runny noses, and exile on an Island province whose entire population is in the throes of an indigenous annual malady known as cabin fever.

Since our "hospitality industry" is too dull to make imaginative pitches to the Masochist Market, I appeal to readers. As part of a new program called Atlantic Canada Minus, I hereby declare the Great *Atlantic Insight* Mid-winter Horrible Holiday Contest. Just send your suggestions for a truly awful winter vacation in Atlantic Canada to me, care of this magazine. If entries are grim enough, we'll publish them. Though winners will not get free trips anywhere, and especially not to Florida or the Caribbean, they'll have the satisfaction of knowing they've done their bit to achieve what was once thought impossible: The founding of a year-round tourist industry in Atlantic Canada. Siberia indeed! ☒



Good taste is why you buy it.

Ballantine's

Profile

He's 50 now. His night to remember was 22 years ago. He laughs a lot, cries a little but, either way, puffiness closes his eyes.

A hard but gentle man who's led a hard but ungentle life, he is still

Yvon Durelle, fighter

By Stephen Kimber

Outside, a dusting of new snow freckles the hard earth of Baie Ste. Anne, N.B. A streetlamp lights up the parking lot and renders eerie and somehow sad the sign above the padlocked building behind it. The sign announces that the place is The Fisherman's Club, but it also bears a portrait of a dark-haired, square-jawed young man. He stares out into the night, his fists poised in a traditional boxer's stance. The cars and trucks that hurry past that scene on this winter night do not slow down. Their occupants do not glance at the determined face of that young man frozen in a time long ago and far away, and they do not bother themselves to wonder what has become of him.

Inside, in the warmth of the kitchen of the white bungalow that stands beside The Fisherman's Club, the face from the sign is no longer frozen in time and the years have done it no favors. Yvon Durelle, the Fighting Fisherman from Baie Ste. Anne who became a Maritime boxing legend in the 1950s, is 50 years old now, and about the only thing that remains true to his boxing statistics today is that he is still 5'9" tall.

His hard, flat, boxer's stomach is still hard, but it's no longer flat. His hair has almost all fallen out, and what remains is as white as the snow outside. "It fell out after 'the trouble,'" he explains cryptically. A neat scar—the result of a recent operation to ease the pressure from a jaw that was once crushed back into his head by a fist and never previously repaired—traces a line across the back of his scalp. His voice is throaty and sometimes he thinks too fast for his words. He has to repeat himself to be understood.

"I'm not punchy, I'm not crazy. It was just 'the accident,'" he explains,

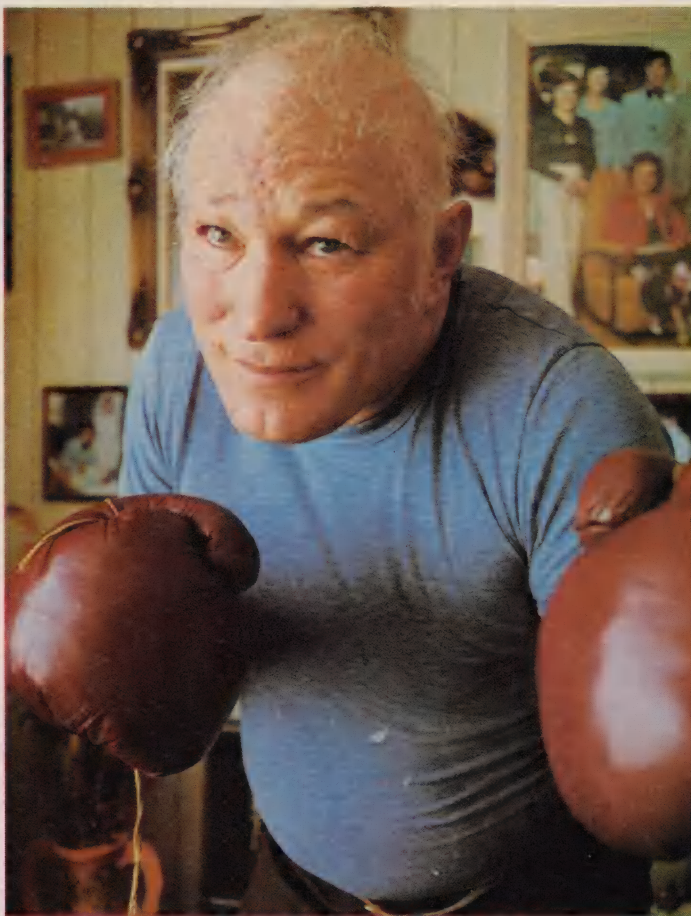
reverting to the private code he favors. The skin around his eyes, cross-hatched with scars from stitches, is puffy and outsized. He looks vaguely Oriental and unmistakably menacing, but when he laughs or cries, the puffiness closes his eyes and he looks childlike. On this night, the eyes have been shut often—with laughter for the good times and tears for the bad. The bad times far outnumbered the good, but in the remem-

has taken his ring (size 19) off his finger and demanded that I put it on my thumb. It hangs loose like a bracelet. He has hauled out the yellowing teletype roll of a telegram. It weighs four pounds, three ounces, he tells me proudly. It's half a mile long. It contains the names of 11,700 east-coast boxing fans who just wanted to let him know—on that December night in 1958 when he fought Archie Moore for the world light-heavyweight championship—that they were rooting for him. The telegram is still his most prized possession. "I'd like to meet those people sometime," he said as he stuffed the roll back into its plastic bag. "I'd like to thank them."

Now, however, he is fiddling with a troublesome tape recorder. He wants me to hear a cassette of a radio documentary the CBC put together about him. "Open up some more beer," he orders as he tries to press small buttons with meaty fingers. He's told me he doesn't drink much anymore. "In the beginning I was, you know, a heavy drinker, but I don't need it anymore. It doesn't achieve nothing." But tonight is a special occasion. We're talking about the old days. About the good times.

"Moore is really staggered..." Suddenly, on the tape recorder, it is December 10, 1958, and a 28-year-old Yvon Durelle, "a fistic nobody, an inarticulate, beer-swilling hardrock," is challenging the legendary world's champion, 44-year-old Archie Moore, "a teetotalling, non-cursing dandy." At the Montreal Forum, the excited fight announcer is beside himself. "Durelle is going in for the kill IN THE FIRST ROUND!" Durelle smiles, the eyes shut tight, and he bobs and weaves awkwardly in his kitchen. "The crowd is going crazy... Moore is down again... Archie won't get up... He's gone bye-bye in only round one... Wait... He's up... He got up!"

Durelle flips off the tape machine.



Durelle: Happy—but missing times that are gone

bering there's more laughter than tears.

We are sitting at a kitchen table piled high with memories and beer bottles. He has shown me his tattered press clippings and his scars. He has bragged about fights for which there are no records. ("Yvon has a tendency to exaggerate," a friend says. "If he told you he had 291 fights, you can probably cut the number in half and be close to the truth.") He has boasted about exploits to which there were no witnesses. He

Moore, "a teetotalling, non-cursing dandy." At the Montreal Forum, the excited fight announcer is beside himself. "Durelle is going in for the kill IN THE FIRST ROUND!" Durelle smiles, the eyes shut tight, and he bobs and weaves awkwardly in his kitchen. "The crowd is going crazy... Moore is down again... Archie won't get up... He's gone bye-bye in only round one... Wait... He's up... He got up!"

Durelle flips off the tape machine.

"I'm proud of that fight," he says in a voice that is a mixture of gravel and fondness. "I fought the best in the world and I fought goddam hard. I was beaten by a better man, that's all, but I did the best I could and I'm goddam proud of myself." Durelle has an old, scratchy film of that fight. He has seen it a hundred times or more. Each time, he discovers something new: A long count that denied him victory, a moment when he should have hit and didn't, an instant when he might have backed away but didn't.

But nothing he sees now can change the fact that Archie Moore rallied from the shock of being knocked down three times in the first round and once more in the fifth, and hung on until he was able to put Durelle away in the 11th round. "All Mr. Durelle had to do," Moore said later about those early rounds, "was blow against me, and I would have been gone." Durelle had come within whispering distance of boxing immortality, but the record book is deaf to whispers. All it says is, "World light-heavy title, Archie Moore, KO by 11, 12/10/58."

Durelle sits down again in his chair and pours his beer. Tippy, his chihuahua, climbs up, snuggles in his master's arms. "Try and touch me, go on, just try," Durelle tells me. I reach out for his arm. The tiny dog snaps and growls and lunges for my hand. Durelle laughs, delighted. "No one touches me, not even my wife. The dog loves me. She's like a kid. I love that dog."

Durelle takes a long swallow of beer. In spite of all the awful, crazy, sad, and ultimately incredible twists of fate that have turned him upside down and twisted him inside out in the 21 years since he fought Archie Moore, he will tell you today that he is as happy as any man has the right to expect to be. "I don't owe nobody nothing. I'm not rich in money but in happiness, I'm wealthy." He smiles and the eyes close again.

"I got some money put away so I don't have to work if I don't want to. The house is mine, the kids are gone and there's just me and the wife. We sit at home and watch the TV at night and I'm happy. Every day I go to Chatham and I have coffee with my friends and then I come home and I have my wife and my dog." He is silent for a long moment, the eyes still closed. "I'm a proud man, you know. I'm proud of myself and I'm happy."

It's hard to believe.

The color of almost all the days that have slipped away from him since December 10, 1958, has been unrelieved black. His troubles began almost from the moment he stepped out of the ring that night, a beaten but heroic Rocky-like figure, the simple fisherman who

had almost stolen a world boxing championship and brought it home to Baie Ste. Anne. Before his rematch with Moore the next summer, however, Durelle smashed his spine in a boating mishap (he refers to it as "the accident") that cost him his balance and made him a wobbling punching bag for the sure-footed, smart-fisted and no



The Moore fight telegram, a half-mile long



In memories, more laughter than tears

longer cocky Moore. Durelle was gone in three quick rounds and soon, reluctantly, he was gone from boxing as well. His doctor had warned him that if he continued to fight "neither heaven nor hell will be able to help you."

He spent the next decade as a forest ranger, earning \$50-odd a week and ignominiously making ends meet by picking up spare change as a wrestler. At the end of his day's work in the woods, Durelle would get into his Volkswagen

and drive to Moncton or Halifax or wherever it was that the show had to go on that night, force himself to go through the motions of grappling with the likes of Bulldog Brower or Killer Kowalski, and then hop back in his car for the long drive back to Baie Ste. Anne and another day as a forest ranger. In a good week, he might clear an extra \$200 for his trouble.

Durelle did it because he needed the money. There were still four kids to feed, clothe, and educate and, worse, there were also those grey-suited men with their adding-machine minds. They were from Revenue Canada and they were convinced Durelle had neglected the nicety of reporting all the money he made as a boxer. As soon as he left the ring, they began hounding him for the state's share of the take from his glory days. But, by the time they caught up with him, the glory days were long gone and so, too, was whatever money there might have been.

Durelle says he still doesn't know how much he made in the ring or where it all went. He cheerfully admits he knew good times, gambling, and gallons of whisky, but he also knew any number of fast-talking hustlers and money-grabbing hucksters. They are as much a part of pro boxing as the smell of stale sweat and cigar smoke, and they made off with more than their fair share of his winnings. When Durelle finally settled up with the income tax officials in the early '70s for \$2,500, he had to borrow every cent of the payment.

His luck at last seemed about to turn in 1972. Oland's Brewery hired him to tell his boxing stories and peddle their beer on the north shore of New Brunswick. But one night in 1973, his house in Baie Ste. Anne burned to the ground. He lost almost all his possessions. A few months later, during a company reorganization, Oland's let him go.

Trading on what was left of his fast-fading boxing reputation, and desperate to make a few bucks, Durelle wangled a liquor licence and a loan for \$40,000 in '74, and opened The Fisherman's Club next door to the new house he had built in Baie Ste. Anne. His battered boxing gloves hung behind the bar and Durelle regaled the crowded club with tales of times they all remembered while the beer flowed as though there were no bottom to the barrel. He began to make money again and this time there were no zealous auditors sniffing around the books for signs of mischief and no hustlers trying to steal it from him. He was happy. Of course, it couldn't last.

On an April night in 1977, Durelle pumped five bullets from a .38 calibre revolver through the window of a car in the parking lot of The Fisherman's Club, and Albin Poirier, a 32-year-old

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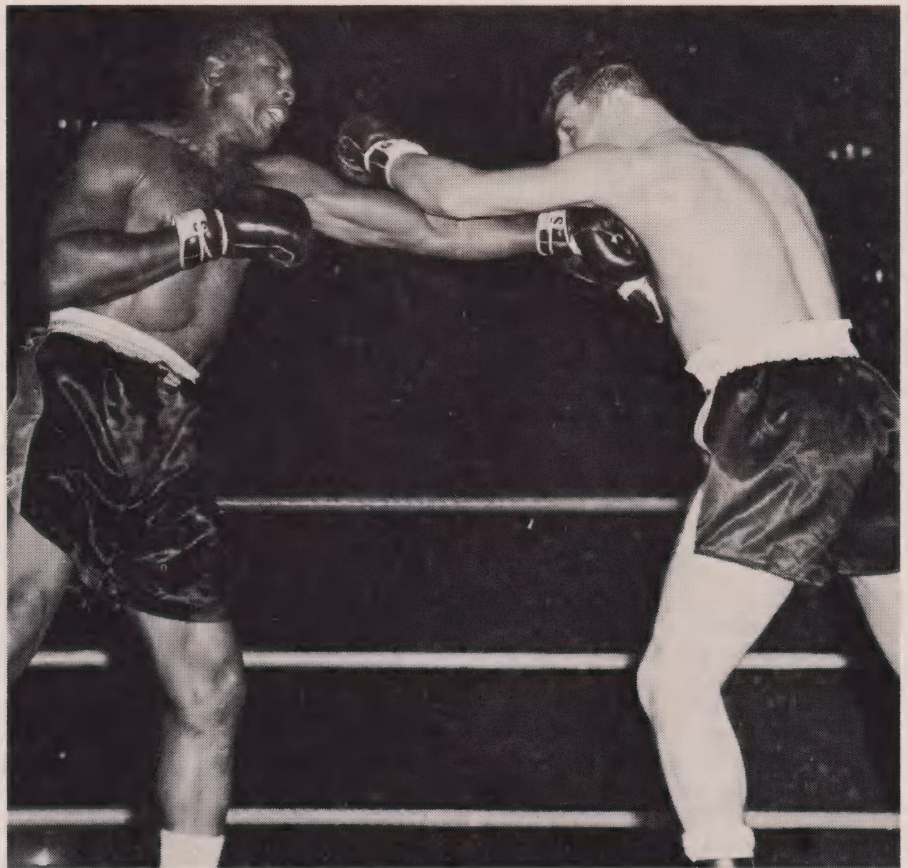
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Profile



Dec. 10, 1958: Durelle vs. Archie Moore

sometime fisherman from Baie Ste. Anne, was dead. Durelle claimed the man had been harassing him and threatening his family, that he had fired the gun in self-defence because Poirier was trying to run him over with the car. Although the jury took just 50 minutes to acquit him of a charge of non-capital murder, the ordeal frazzled Durelle's already jangled nerves. He had nightmares. His hair fell out. He broke out in a sweat whenever he thought of The Fisherman's Club. In the spring of '78, he sold the place. Today, he refers to the incident only as "the trouble" and whenever he tries to talk about it, he begins to cry. He switches the subject.

"You say there was a fight tonight? I wish I'd known." While we were drinking beer in Baie Ste. Anne, Trevor Berbick of Halifax was slugging it out with a Nigerian in an elimination bout for the Commonwealth heavyweight boxing title. Despite the two decades that have disappeared since Durelle retired from the ring, he is still occasionally invited to be at ringside or to referee at pro boxing matches. In St. John's one night, the crowd gave him a 15-minute ovation. They did the same in Winnipeg last October. "It bothers me, it's so nice," he says. "I choke." But on this night, he hadn't even been

invited to Halifax to sit at ringside and hear the adulation of the fans. The neglect hurts him more than a fist in the face. "I'd have gone," he tells me. "I got nothing else to do and, you know, I still like the fights."

He was born with that love of "the fights." The sixth of 13 children of a poor fisherman and his wife, he still remembers fighting for his supper. Literally. "Me and my brothers, we'd fight like hell to see who would get the supper. The loser went to bed without any." Durelle loved to fight. He tangled with his brothers in the woods behind their home, he tussled playfully and "for nothing" with school chums at the side of the school, and he would slug it out with any anglo tough from Hardwicke or Escuminac who was brave enough or crazy enough to venture into Baie Ste. Anne.

Like most New Brunswick francophones of his generation, he grew up in linguistic and cultural confusion. At home, he spoke French, but at school his teachers and his schoolbooks were English. He dropped out after Grade 3 and only later taught himself to read and write—in both English and French—so he could read his press clippings.

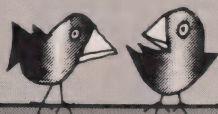
Out of school, he worked on his father's fishing boat and toned his muscles shaping the anchors that his

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father made in his own blacksmith's shop. Durelle was just 14 when he fought his first official bout, a three-round exhibition fight in a makeshift ring in a farmer's field at Baie Ste. Anne. He won and, a month later, turned professional. "I weighed 115 or 120 pounds then," he says with a laugh. He has since added 100 pounds. "But fought like hell. I loved to hit people over the head." He knocked out his first opponent in his first pro bout at the old Opera House in Chatham and earned eight dollars for his trouble. Soon he was a featured attraction all over New Brunswick's French shore.

"I can remember my father sitting by the stove with his feet in the oven and listening to Yvon's fights on the radio," remembers Thérèse Durelle, Yvon's wife and rock-solid centre for almost three decades. "My father would get so excited, his legs would shake. I didn't know what all the fuss was about." She did know, however, after their first date, that she would marry him. "I knew there was only one guy I cared for," she says. "He was—how do you say it in English?—*doux*. He was very sweet. I still call him that. 'Doux' is his nickname." Yvon still calls Thérèse "Mam'." They were married in 1951.

By then, Durelle was spreading his fistic reputation all over the Maritimes. In his first decade in the ring, he lost only four fights (one on a foul), and in 1953 in Sydney he beat Gordon Wallace for the Canadian light-heavyweight title. Four years later, he won the British Empire crown and decided he was ready to challenge Archie Moore for the world title. He did not always win. His official ring record stands at 44 knockouts and 38 decisions in 105 fights, and he was knocked out by the likes of Floyd Patterson, Jimmy Slade, Yolande Pompey and George Chuvalo, as well as by Moore. But his fists were always fearsome.

"I hit the whites until they turn black and the blacks until they turn



"I was beaten by a better man"



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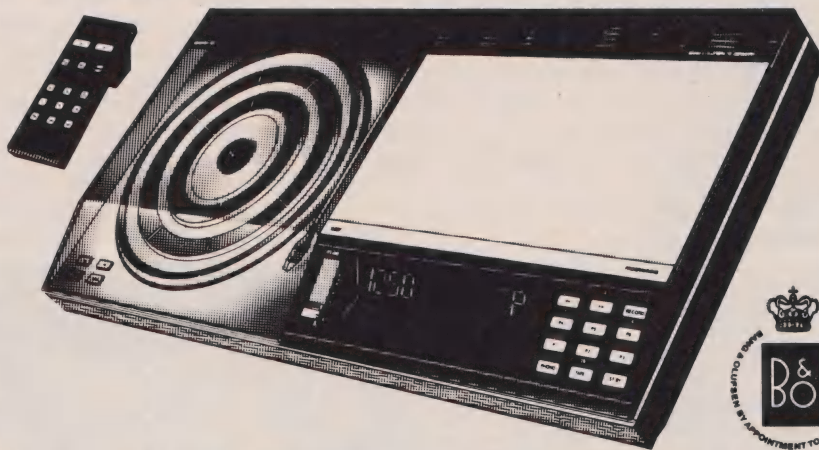
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Profile



PHOTOS BY STEPHEN HOMER

In Chatham: "I have coffee with my friends...then I come home"

white," was the way he once described his boxing strategy and, in truth, he was a brawler without style. He rarely trained for his fights, he was often overweight and he knew almost nothing of finesse. But he would give a punch and he could take a punch and he loved to do both. "Yvon was an 80% natural fighter," says Chris Shaban, his old friend and manager. "If he had trained earlier and harder..."

"I beat lots of guys," Durelle brags in retort. By his own count, he knocked out 223 of the 291 boxers he faced in his career. "And most of them, they didn't fight again after I beat them."

Whatever his boxing boasts, Durelle admits he was a loser at home during his career. He spent much of his time travelling to fights or training for fights and, when he did come back to Baie Ste. Anne for weekend visits, he would arrive with the entourage of managers, trainers, sparring partners and hangers-on who made him feel important. They would drink and laugh and shout until they left again on Monday morning. "Sometimes," Thérèse sighs, "I remember wishing he wouldn't come home at all when he was like that."

Durelle says now he was simply too young. "I couldn't settle myself down." For much of the time his boxing career was at its height, he was also estranged from his children: "I'd come home and my kids would run away from me. They were scared of me. My own kids! I cried." The four children, two boys and two girls, are all grown now and the family has made its peace. One of the boys is a welder in Fredericton, the other a policeman in Moncton. Neither ever wanted to be a boxer. "That was my doing," Thérèse

says forcefully. "It's no life. Two grown men hitting each other. It's crazy."

"Mam'," Durelle says suddenly, as if he hadn't heard her. "We got to call. Where's the number?" Thérèse tells me resignedly the bill for long-distance calls to their daughters—one is a computer technician in Calgary, the other a mother and housewife in Yellowknife—runs to about \$75 a month. Tonight, he talks with his daughter and granddaughter in Yellowknife. "Listen," he says, holding the phone to my ear while three-year-old Jenny tells her grandfather what she wants Santa Claus to bring her. "She's smart, that one. You listen." The eyes are closed.

Thérèse brings out peanuts and potato chips and Yvon opens up some more beer. "Right now, Mam' is the most important thing in my life," he tells me. "If it weren't for her, I'd be the worst hobo in the world." Even in the worst of his best times, when he was ignoring family responsibilities for fistic fame and the good life, he would still occasionally remember how much



"The dog loves me...I love that dog"

he loved her. While training for the Moore fight, for example, he ran away from his training camp one weekend just so he could get back to Baie Ste. Anne to see her. Today, their relationship is bantering, warm. "No other woman in the world would put up with me," he says.

Durelle is happy. He has the love of a good woman, children and grandchildren on whom he can lavish attention and, thanks to money he made from the sale of The Fisherman's Club and reinvested, enough income to see him comfortably through his old age. He has good friends in Chatham who welcome him each morning when he shows up for coffee and, of course, the dog who is devoted only to him. Yvon Durelle is a happy man, but...

He is also bored. And he misses the times that are gone. The realization sneaks up on you like a punch from the blindside. In the flurry of his earnest efforts to convince you how happy he is today, he drops small hints: The disappointment in his face when he realizes there's a fight in Halifax and he won't be there, the need to exaggerate his already formidable achievements, the suggestions that I should arrange for a club in Halifax to invite him to show his film of the Moore fight. "They'd sell a lot of beer," he says. "I know they would. People love to see that fight. They still love to talk to me."


His fists brought him to that fight and the fight brought him, briefly, to the world. But other fists sent him home again and, today, fewer and fewer people remember what those fists could do. Tonight, all they can do is try to keep time with the music.

"Lie-La-Lie..."

We are listening to the end of that radio documentary about his career and Durelle is singing along with the theme music in a strange, high-pitched voice. The producers chose to end their tribute to him with "The Boxer," a song by Simon and Garfunkel.

*In the clearing stands a boxer,
And a fighter by his trade
And he carries the reminders
Of ev'ry glove that laid him down
And cut him till he cried out
In his anger and his shame,
"I am leaving, I am leaving."
But the fighter still remains... **

"That was an old song, and they wrote new words—about me," Yvon Durelle says. It isn't true, but that doesn't matter. The song is Yvon Durelle.

He picks it up again. "Lie-La-Lie..." His eyes are closed. 

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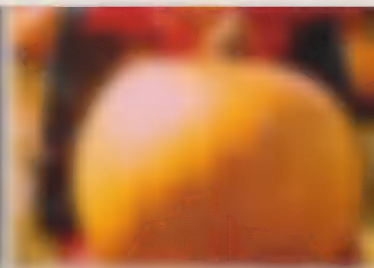
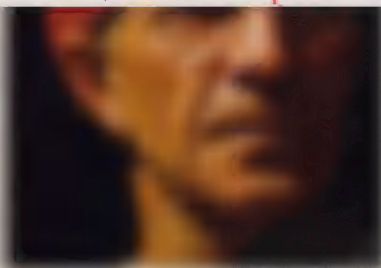
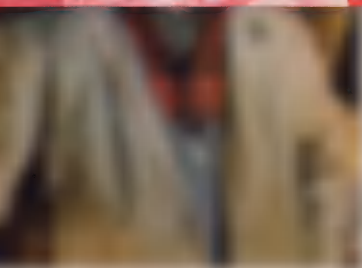
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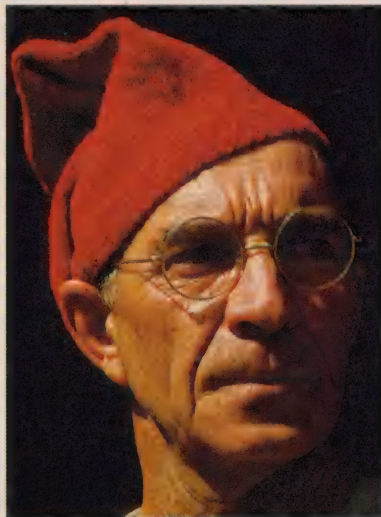
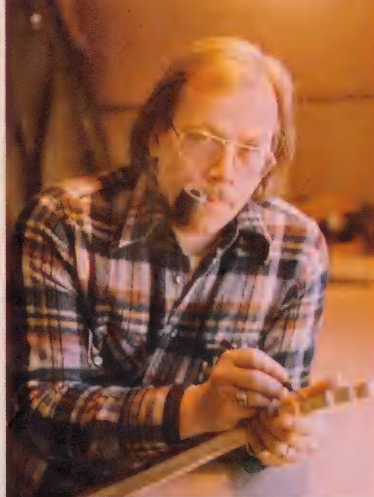
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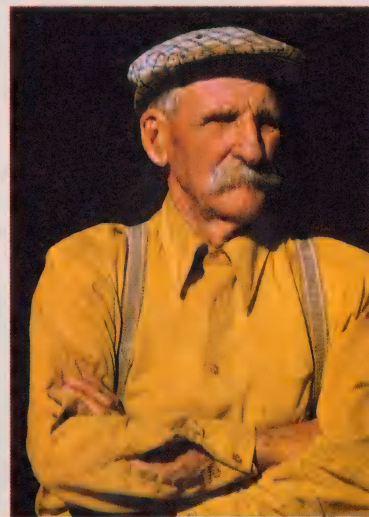
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Dear Santa: Please send more understanding adults for Christmas

By Alden Nowlan

Every time I travel by plane I become more convinced that there ought to be corporal punishment — not for kids but for parents.

I'll be waiting for my flight, and there will be a kid in the vicinity who is behaving like a perfectly healthy and intelligent human being. He'll be exploring the world around him, a world filled with strange and fascinating objects and equally strange and fascinating people.

Watching him, his fellow travellers will feel a little less bored, a little less tired, a little less lonely. He may even engage us in conversation. Last December, on a flight from Montreal to Fredericton, I met a two-year-old who, observing my bulk and my beard sensibly deduced that I must be Santa Claus. "Hi, Santa!" she said, flashing a smile that stayed with me all the rest of the day. Until then, the only people I had been mistaken for were Burl Ives and a wrestler called Ivan the Terrible. While that little girl's eyes were on me, I even refrained from smoking, so that she wouldn't see Santa Claus with a cigarette in his mouth.

The mother of this particular kid was embarrassed, but nice. She smiled

at me. But she was an exception to the rule, the rule being that the parents of most such kids are a royal pain in the fundament.

Who among us has never heard the call of the Abominable Parent Bird, monotonously croaking, "Stop that!" or "Come here, you!" until everybody within earshot is either irritable or depressed? I've often wished that I dared get up, go over to the offending mother or father, take down his or her pants, and administer a good wallop. No doubt I'd be charged with assault, but at least I'd be led away with the sound of a standing ovation ringing in my ears.

You run into the same kind of parent in doctors' waiting rooms and supermarkets. For every kid who misbehaves in public, there are a hundred parents who deserve to be soundly spanked and made to stand in the corner. Even good parents impose standards of conduct upon their kids that they would never dream of imposing on themselves. The same is true of adults in general.

I hover around newsstands the way a fly hovers around the butter dish at a picnic, thumbing through magazines that I'll never buy, such as *Soldier of Fortune* and *Ladies' Home Journal*. It's a habit common to many adults. Never once have I heard the proprietor of a newsstand order a grown-up browser to move along. It's a different story if a kid does it. More often than not, the proprietor descends upon him the way an owl descends upon a mouse.

Some people like to hang around shopping malls. God knows why; they're horrible places, all purple and orange plastic. I've even seen them displaying plastic fireplaces, complete with plastic flames. Be that as it may, some people like to hang around, including some teen-aged kids. An adult won't be kicked out unless he is frothing at the mouth; a kid will be kicked out simply for being a kid.

I helped to write a play, the cast of which included a small boy. If anyone was making a noise during a rehearsal, it was always the small boy who was ordered to be quiet, although, in fact, he was less noisy than most of the adult

actors.

A kid may be first in line at a store; he will still be the last to be served. And he had better make his purchase and get out of there fast, because if he lingers it will be assumed that he is up to no good.

Adults not only impose impossible standards of politeness and decorum upon kids, they usually fail to treat them with even elementary good manners. A restaurant owner I used to know complained that the high school students who ate lunch in his establishment behaved like pigs. They stabbed holes in the upholstery and put salt in the sugar dish. It never occurred to him that this might be a natural response to the way he treated them. Few farmers are as rude to their pigs as he was to those kids.

What self-respecting adult would put up with the asinine regulations which exist in the public schools? Can anyone conceive of the owner of a business treating his workers the way the schools treat students? No wonder so many school principals develop delusions of grandeur. No boss since the early days of the Industrial Revolution has possessed such power over his employees as the principal possesses over his students.

When I started giving poetry readings in high schools, I found that I was expected to read to the students for two hours. Two hours! The teachers were casually demanding that those poor kids sit silent and motionless for two solid hours while I read them verses. I wouldn't sit still that long to hear Shakespeare's ghost read from an unpublished play.

Another time, I took part in a conference on Canadian literature, attended by writers, teachers and high school students. During a noon break, the adults were provided with a buffet lunch, with cold cuts, salads, the works, while the students had to make do the best they could with what they could obtain from a row of coin-operated vending machines outside the lunchroom: Potato chips, chocolate bars and soft drinks. Not a soul among the writers and teachers, except me, questioned this macabre arrangement. Sadder still, none of the kids questioned it either; they took it for granted that they would be treated as inferior beings.

There's a lot of nonsense written about enacting a charter of rights for children, even giving them the vote. We don't need any more silly laws; we have too many of them already. What we need to do is to treat kids with a little common courtesy.



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Literature

She's a near-mystic lover of the sea and an internationally successful chronicler of marine disasters. Her books record agony and death in the waters off Newfoundland, waters she looks to as her source of "healing energy." She is

the unsinkable Cassie Brown

By Amy Zierler

In the back of her car, Cassie Brown keeps two small cushions. Smooth grey rocks, reminders of another trip to Topsail Beach, rattle around my feet up front. We're headed now for the beach, just few minutes' drive from where she lives on the fast-eroding outskirts of St. John's. Fresh tar on the highway slows us down and, creeping along, we can almost hear the city nibbling away at the trees. But Topsail Beach is blissfully far away from the smell of tar and traffic. We sit on the cushions on the smooth grey rocks with our knees pulled up to our chests against a chill morning breeze. Conception Bay is quiet, soothing and for several hours, as she talks about herself, her books and her love for the sea, Cassie Brown rarely takes her eyes off it.

"I really feel," she says, lingering over each syllable, pumping the words full of emotion. "I really feel whole when I can sit by the sea." She comes here every couple of days at least, and when she can't make it she plays tape recordings of other visits. "Any time you are a little tense or the pressures are getting to you and you want to relax, put on the tape of the sea. It's



PHOTOS BY DAVE NICHOLS

She calls herself "a sympathetic writer"

marvellous." Brown's love for the sea isn't the simple pleasure of a vacationer. The sea is her tonic, her refuge. The joy it brings her is rich, passionate, religious. "I *am* the sea, in a way," she says.

This gentle, spiritual white-haired woman who draws her strength from the sea is a chronicler of maritime disaster. She has spent the last 14 years

reconstructing in fine detail three of this century's most enormous sacrifices of human life to the unquenchable waters off Newfoundland. She piles her books, her notes and her thoughts into the car and comes to sit by the sea, for its "healing energy," and resurrects on paper, scenes of incredible agony, struggle and death. But Cassie Brown doesn't see an ounce of contradiction in that, nor does she feel uncomfortable about asking survivors to tell her about their terrible ordeals.

"To me, it should not be painful, it should be a wonderful, triumphant experience that they had met adversity and had overcome, and here they are today," she says, her voice rising. "They have survived something almost humanly impossible. This is something not morbid and not depressing. It's something to rejoice about. This is what I see, this is what excites me about it—the overcoming."

But, I protest, in each of her grim histories the loss and the pain fall, finally, in the lap of human error, pettiness, greed. That makes me sad.

"Did you ever make a mistake?" she asks tolerantly.

"Oh all the time," I say, feeling a little silly.



Children are her favorite audience: "They look at you and...they're so innocent...so beautiful"

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"Exactly." She smiles. "Do you find it terribly depressing that you make mistakes?"

She's got me now. "Well, no, but thank goodness I've never made one which affected so many people."

"Yes, 'There but for the grace of God...' You see?"

Cassie Brown describes herself as a sympathetic writer: She tries to put herself in the place of each player to understand why he did what he did. "I don't look for villains," she says. It's not hard to see why so many of the aging survivors she tracks down are willing to drag up their most horrible memories for her. They know she will treat them with respect.

Brown's first book was her biggest success. *Death on the Ice*, the dark tale of how more than 100 Newfoundland sealers were left to freeze to death on the spring ice of 1914, has become a kind of instant classic in Newfoundland. Since its publication in 1972, it has sold nearly 100,000 copies. *Reader's Digest* serialized it and sent it around the world, an Argentinian counterpart has picked up the rights for Spanish-language distribution, and a string of film-makers are interested in making a movie of it. Her next two books rang up substantial if lesser sales. *A Winter's Tale* reconstructs the wreck of the luxury steamship *Florizel* on a voyage from St. John's to Halifax in 1918. In *Standing into Danger*, published last year, Brown investigates how three American warships on their way to Argentina in 1942 ran aground at the entrance of Placentia Bay, killing 203 sailors, and how the people of Lawn and St. Lawrence helped save the 186 who made it ashore alive. Each book is equal parts painstaking research and vivid storytelling, and Brown doesn't conceal her pride in the results.

"I wrote three books about the sea, and other than the fact that I have a great love for the sea and know that I understand the sea, I still knew nothing about ships, the men who ran the ships, navigation or anything. But I had to do it, and therefore I did it." When it came to dramatizing the events, Brown says, she stayed true to the details but relied on her intuition to make them live. "When I was writing *A Winter's Tale*, I would go to bed and say, 'I want to be on the deck of the *Florizel* at the height of the storm. I want to be there.' And the next day, a picture would be in my mind. It was just like I was looking at a play on a stage."

Brown's books, especially *Death on the Ice*, are widely read in Newfoundland schools, and when the visiting artists' program brings her to lecture—in the crisp, deliberate voice she

doggedly cleared of its outport accent in the bad, old boarding school days when a dropped *h* was a matter of lost pride—the students are spellbound. She's an avid actress, a grand storyteller, and her rewards are a performer's. "They look at you and the eyes, you know, they're so perfect and candid and they're so ready to absorb what you are saying. And they're so innocent, and they're so receptive and they're so beautiful. I could drown in them."

"Fate, the weaver," Brown begins *A Winter's Tale*, "selected with infinite patience and delicacy a thread here, a thread there, uniting the various strands of life into a pattern of disaster. One hundred and thirty-eight souls would be tried and tested by the terrible destiny that awaited them."

She doesn't invoke fate only as a dramatic device. She believes in it, with a faith bordering on the supernatural. "I was all set to write fiction," she says, "but I feel that, really, I had no choice but to write these books."

Growing up in tiny Rose Blanche on the southwest coast (accessible at that time only by boat) with a merchant father and schoolteacher mother who preached "children should be seen and not heard," Cassie took to writing to vent her joys and angers. Later on she wrote plays for the CBC, stories for the school broadcasts, worked seven years with the St. John's *Daily News*. Back in the early Fifties, while flipping through Joey Smallwood's encyclopedic *Book of Newfoundland* in search of stories for the school broadcasts, she came across a few paragraphs on the 1914 sealing disaster.

"From then on, it was like I was pushed in that direction," she says. "I feel, and this may sound a little strange, I feel these men had chosen me to write their story." When her mother died in 1965, Cassie quit the *Daily News* to look after Karwood, the 30 acres of trees, flowers and tourist cabins her mother established after her husband had died. Now she could give the sealers' story the two or three years' study it required.

The arrangement works just fine. A sign in the Karwood office announces there is a "writer in residence" and offers autographed copies of her books. Brown lives at Karwood with her husband, a sister, a brother and whatever other family happens to be around. She immerses herself in her demanding, grisly tales, working in various corners of the spacious main house at Karwood or in her car at Topsail Beach. She's got a draft of a novel tucked away somewhere, but the last time she took it out and read it, "it was like an iron gate clamped down all around me. 'This is not the time,' it said to me, so I

put it away." The story of the torpedoing of the Cabot Strait ferry *Caribou* during the Second World War looks like it will be her next project, but the pieces aren't falling together yet, so she'll take a break for a few months. "When the pressure starts coming at me to get going and the people start coming forward, then that's the time for me to move."

The beach is lovely, tranquillizing, but somehow I find all this talk about fate and destiny unconvincing. It puts me on edge. Predetermination implies weakness to me, but this woman is too tough to surrender to something she can't even see. As if she can read my thoughts, she begins to correct me. Cassie Brown is tough, she has taken her life into her own hands. Her sense of purpose has nothing at all to do with surrender.

"I always resented not being allowed to think for myself when I was young," she says. "When I finally broke free, it was a wonderful experience. It was like being born again." Marriage, and leaving home, cleared the way. "When I got married, I had decided I was going to be the best wife, the best mother, the best knitter, the best sewer, the best at bottling jams, everything," she says. "Then I discovered I didn't like bottling things, I didn't like sewing, I didn't like knitting." Instead of following her husband on his hiking holidays, she decided to stay home and just relax. When their two children were in school, she decided it was all right to fill her days with work at the *Daily News*. She bought herself a car. This, after growing up in a time and place where women, like children, were to be seen and not heard. "I thought I would conform and be what a wife is supposed to be," she says, "but no, no, it wasn't for me."

Actually, Brown had been doing her own thinking all along. She just didn't feel free to express it. Church, for instance—she hated it back in Rose Blanche: It was so confining, so unlike the world she believed in, especially when the cruel, frightening schoolmaster would fill in for the minister who was off serving other outposts.

"It really put me right out of joint with church," she says a little sadly. "I didn't relate to it at all the way I relate to this." She looks back at the sea. "I don't believe in hellfire and damnation. I don't believe in any of that stuff. I believe you are what you are, and you are your own heaven and your own hell."

Right on cue, the sun comes out and washes the bay in an approving light. Spend enough time with this woman, and you could come to believe it was meant to be. ☐

FOLKS

They don't call **Gail Leavitt** "Lightning Fingers" for nothing. She's the fastest sardine-packer in the east — or, at least, in Charlotte County, N.B. Three times in a row, Leavitt, 32, has won the sardine-packing championship in the Hospitality Days-Fisheries Festival in St. Andrews. This year, she assembled 86 perfect cans of sardines in 10 minutes. That meant cutting off the heads and tails of 430 sardines and placing them carefully in cans. The judges wouldn't tolerate crudely severed tails, damaged gills or torn skin. "I guess I'm fast with my hands," she says. "I just put my head down and packed for 10 minutes and then I lifted my head and hoped for the best." Leavitt has worked at the Connors Brothers Ltd. fish plant at Back Bay, N.B., for the past 21 years, on and off. Every working day, she assembles 30 to 35 cases of sardines. Because packers get paid according to what they produce, she earns \$55 to \$60 a day. "What you put out is what you get," she says. "I like the money."

Gail Leavitt is still the fastest sardine packer in the east. Since the 1980 competition there's been a rule change — four instead of five sardines to a can. In September, Leavitt won her fifth championship by packing 100 perfect cans in 10 minutes.



"Lightning Fingers" shows her form

When his saddlehorse died of old age a few months ago, **Rev. Gerald Mosher**, a Tusket, N.S., Baptist minister, found himself in a jam. Mosher, 43, and his wife, Lorie, are both partially blind, so for five years he travelled by horseback over a



The Moshers make their rounds

25-mile circuit in his rural parish near Yarmouth. The horse provided safe, reliable transportation, didn't require a driver's licence to operate and helped break the ice during Mosher's pastoral visits: Some parents even put their babies on the retired racehorse's back when the preacher came to call. To find another horse, Mosher tried placing a classified ad in *The Globe and Mail*, specifying that the horse must be "quiet in traffic." He hoped that the newspaper's wide distribution would increase his chances of finding an inexpensive animal. By fall, however, he was still looking, and making do with a somewhat unsatisfactory bicycle-built-for-two. "A bicycle is not practical," Mosher says. "A horse is more flexible. You can go in all weather." Travelling by bike also means many miles of hard pedalling for the Moshers. He visits an average of 80 homes a week and preaches in four churches on Sundays. The Moshers established a Baptist church in Tusket when they moved there five years ago, renovating a former restaurant to create living quarters and a meeting hall. For their horse, they set up what must be the fanciest stall in Atlantic Canada. Formerly used as a small house, it has wallpaper, panelling and — directly below the horse's head — a sink.

In July, 1982, the Moshers moved to Hants Co., N.S. They work a 12-mile route between Brooklyn and Summerville, still using their tandem bicycle. Rev. Mosher hasn't given up the idea of having a horse again someday. He still has the saddle.



Harrington: Shedding the 'fizzy' image

When Newfoundland singer-songwriter **Beth Harrington** hits the road for a major tour back home this fall, she may finally change the minds of fellow Newfoundlanders who think of her exclusively as "the Coca-Cola girl." Her long-running TV commercial for Coke actually came long after her career started with a musical group called The Sanderlings. In 1970 they scored the highest audience appreciation index in the history of CBC's "Tommy Hunter Show" and Harrington was off and running. She picked up a music degree from Berklee College in Boston, appeared on TV in Newfoundland, then headed for Toronto and "started hoofing around, trying to drum up interest in my music." Coca-Cola gave her a contract but Harrington wanted more time for song writing. One of her songs, "Just To Be Alone With You" was Canada's official entry in last year's Pacific Song Contest and won a best performer award for singer Gloria Kaye and a trip to New Zealand for the composer. Now living in Halifax with her law student husband, Barry Ryan, Harrington is writing material for CBC's "Canadian Express" as well as John Allen Cameron's new TV show, and getting ready for the debut of her new, non-fizzy image.

Beth now lives in Toronto where she has her own jingle-producing company, RDF Productions. She wrote the ditty for the MT&T ad now running on Maritime TV.

Small Towns



PHOTOS BY NICHOLASINSIGHT

"What a lovely village it is, facing into the sun...."

Ferryland, Nfld.

It has salt fish, sculpture and the pure essence of Irish mysticism

By Harold Horwood

As I drove along the 50-mile road from St. John's to the ancient town of Ferryland, two young men with the unmistakable look of Irish Newfoundlanders waved me down and asked for a ride.

"If you don't mind sitting on a tent," I said.

They climbed into the back, with my fly rod and spinning gear.

"How are ye doin' with the trout?" one of them asked.

"Oh...fair, I s'pose...got a couple dozen just before dark last night."

"And are ye campin' in a tent all alone?"

"That's right."

"Ye're not afraid o' the spirits?"

Spirits? For a minute I was astonished. Then I remembered. This shore is haunted, not alone by ghosts of drowned sailors but by every species of the supernatural—by hags and jack-o'-lanterns and banshees, and even by those good people whom no one will

mention by name because of the bad luck that would be sure to follow.

You wouldn't call Ferrylanders superstitious, exactly. Just deeply steeped in the irrational. When I took Farley Mowat to the town, nearly 20 years ago, a fishing crew agreed reluctantly to let him go along in their boat to the trap berth. It looked like a failure that year—hardly enough fish to grease the slipway. But Mowat turned out to be as lucky as a three-horned goat. The fish came in by the thousands. And after that he was able to *charge* for his passage to the traps.

There's a story from the old days of a local character who did just that. Peter Kelly the Prophet made a living by casting devils out of boats and luring enchanted fish to the nets: Never had to do a tap of work from one year's end to the next. Mowat might well have become a second Peter Kelly had he remained in Ferryland, but he went on to Burgeo and a fateful encounter with a whale.

This little town, dreaming among its islands, contains as pure a breed of Irish mystics as can be found anywhere this side of County Kerry. And what a lovely village it is, facing into the sun across a reef-studded sea, wholly wild. From the top of The Gaze on a summer day (The Gaze is a hill, of course, rising



Artist Gerry Squires lives here. Alone

behind the village, giving a view of the distant horizon and advance warning of approaching pirates or privateers or French sloops-of-war) you can see a great stretch of surf-rimmed coast, shoals and sunkeners spouting foam against the darkness of the sea. A chain of islets with rocks like the stumps of broken teeth stretches off toward Isle au Bois, that storied fortress from which Magistrate Robert Carter and his wife (a lady who could aim and fire a cannon with the best of them) repelled the French ships in 1762. Islands and headlands hereabouts are still littered with old guns, though the mood today is one of peace.

Ferryland is filled with legend, a

surprising lot of it based on solid history. Almost anyone here can tell you stories of the Carters or the Kirkes or of Peter Easton, the pirate admiral, who built a great house here in 1612 on a promontory known as Fox Hill, and sailed from here to the Azores where he captured the Spanish Plate Fleet and settled down as Marquis of Savoy.

Here Lord Baltimore founded a



Ferryland history is fish history



Once again, "White with fish...."

colony of Welshmen in 1621 over the protests of the fishermen who were regarded as mere squatters and evicted from their fishing rooms. But Baltimore's colony went bankrupt, and the fishermen returned.

David Kirke, after taking Quebec and Nova Scotia from the French, and having his conquests annulled by treaty, settled at Ferryland and founded a thriving business on fish, salt, molasses and rum. When Cromwell defeated Charles I, Sir David Kirke offered the king sanctuary in Ferryland, but Charles chose to stay in England and die on the scaffold. Kirke himself died in jail, accused of theft and piracy by Baltimore's son. But the Kirke family

returned to Ferryland and prospered until the town was sacked by a Dutch fleet in 1673—a hit-and-run raid, the only time a naval attack on Ferryland ever succeeded. The French, in five or six attempts, could never breach its shore defences, but they destroyed it twice in overland raids, the inhabitants fleeing to the woods and returning to rebuild their burnt plantations when the French had left.

When St. John's fell to France in 1708, the Ferryland planters held out.



William Morry's roots go far back



...salt cod, drying in the sun"

Next year New England's governor sent a ship to their relief and offered to take them to the safety of his colony. In reply, 30 fishing masters signed a letter declaring their willingness and ability to manage their own defence.

Souvenirs of those early wars are still treasured by Ferrylanders—cannon balls dug from potato fields, bronze-work from sunken ships, a Queen Anne ring from around the year 1700. But most of all the memory survives in story, preserved through the generations of pirate raids and French wars and persecution by English marines.

You can hear the tale of Peter Kerivan, leader of the Masterless Men, the Robin Hood of the Butterpot, who lived

with his band of outlaws at that prominent lookout nine miles back in the woods and was pursued time and again without success by men from the English warships. Just once, near the end of the eighteenth century, an expedition captured four Masterless Men, marched them back to Ferryland and hanged them from the yard-arm of a frigate. The great-great-grandmother of William Morry, a present-day fish merchant, witnessed this hanging as a small child. Thirty years later, she barely escaped transportation for harboring a deserter from a warship.

The Morrises not only have roots going far back into Ferryland's history, they are deeply attached to the place, its past and its future. One day in the 1960s I arrived to find Howard Morry, then around 80 years old, building a new house single-handed. This year his grandson Peter, a doctor, returned from Australia to open a clinic in the town. Bill, the present head of the clan, is still making shore-cured fish the way his ancestors made it in the time of Robert Carter.

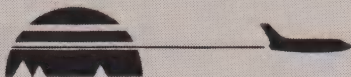
For many years Ferryland lay depressed under a long succession of fish failures while Russians and Japanese and Spaniards and Poles captured all the fish far offshore. Then came the 200-mile limit and once again the beaches are white with fish—split salt cod drying in the sun. Ferryland is just about the last place in Canada where you can see an acre of fish curing on the flakes. (And smell it too! Oh, what a marvelous perfume, a clean, wonderful smell of salt and sea. What a contrast to the stink of a modern fish plant.)

"But salt fish is a dirty word," Bill Morry told me ruefully. "There's not a soul in the government will speak up for it, even though they know you can make more money on it than on frozen fillets." Perhaps its bad reputation was gained 45 years ago when the world price for some grades of fish dropped to around two cents a pound. Its price today stands somewhere between that of bacon and caviar.

Fish is also cured in dryers (the Morrises own one) but the famous English Shore Cure that can be made only outdoors has the best flavor and fetches the best price. It's a lot of trouble—that's why so little is made nowadays—but the men working at it, earning \$4 to \$5 an hour, are obviously happy; they sing while they work; they smile broadly at you as they pass by with loaded wheelbarrows. Most of them are just boys, for any man with a boat can earn far more than he can get in wages. A trap fisherman expects to gross \$20,000 to \$30,000 in a good summer, and there have been three good summers in a row at Ferryland, followed by three good winters on unemploy-

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Small Towns

ment insurance.

Ferryland fishermen are no longer poor, but they do not go in for display. They still live in the square white almost flat-roofed houses that their grandfathers built. Some have paved driveways. All have big new cars. Otherwise the town looks the same today as it did on my first visit more than 30 years ago. Indeed, except that it is a bit larger now, it cannot have changed much since Robert Carter, grandfather of Newfoundland's Prime Minister Carter, with the help of 200 fishermen, conducted the last defence against the French during the final war for Canada in 1762.

After the Kirkes and the Carters the English fish masters drifted away or were absorbed among their Irish servants and sharemen. The mobs of beautiful children who come pouring out of the convent school every afternoon, freckled, blond, red-headed, testify to their ancestry—"as Irish as a barrel of pork marked 'Limerick.' " They wave to you as you pass. If you stop, they'll come and chat. No one has told them not to talk to strangers.

At Ferryland *everyone* talks to you. They're just dying for the chance. Produce a bottle of rum and they'll take you home for an evening, spinning yarns with that marvellous story-telling gift that their ancestors brought from the Old Sod.

There'll be stories of the supernatural, of treasure trove, of caribou hunts, of the rum-running that flourished here unchecked till the RCMP arrived in the 1950s—and, of course, stories of wrecks. Wrecks used to be wonderful common before the days of radar, and a great blessing to the poor. In lean years,



"Beautiful children" talk to strangers



Arch Williams, folk artist



You can see "a great stretch of surf-rimmed coast, shoals and sunkeners"

'tis said, even the priests would pray: "God send us a good wreck—without loss of life, if that be possible." There was a Commissioner of Wrecks appointed by the government, and besides collecting a tax on salvage, he often grew passing rich himself.

You never knew what a wreck might bring—salt pork or shoes or cut glass chandeliers. One cargo of champagne went ashore near Ferryland. It sold in the town for 20 cents a bottle. By coincidence a load of whisky went ashore that same winter, a little further south. "For almost six months ye couldn't sell a barrel o' rum anywhere on this shore," retired rum-runner John Hawkins confessed. "I swapped one keg for a butt o' salt herring, an' glad to be rid of it at that."

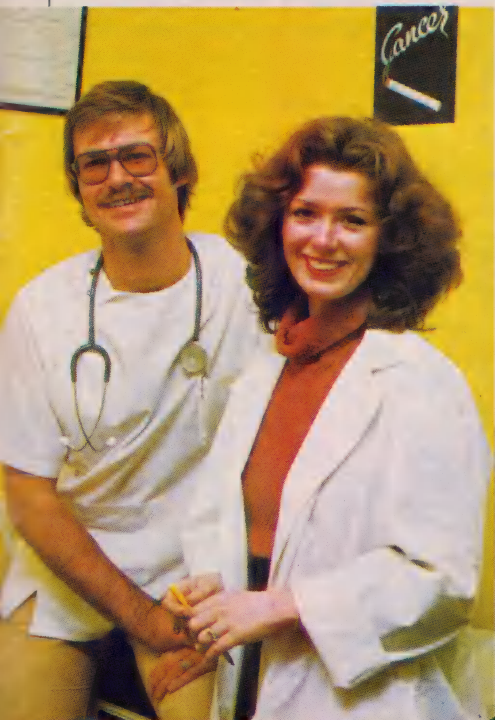
The same men who filled their cel-

of Irish fantasy. Gerry Squires, a famous artist, lives far out on the point in a lighthouse with the gulls and the banshees for company. Arch Williams, another artist, has a fanciful handmade house on the beach, and keeps a museum in his back kitchen. Sculptor Stewart Montgomerie here produced an angular steel image that the city council of Kingston, Ont., declared to be a public danger. The town's artistic products range from hauntingly beautiful seascapes to bottles of polluted sea water mounted on boards and tied together with string.

The first of the artists arrived by invitation of the Ferryland Historic Soci-

ety, which had saved the lighthouse from destruction and was looking for someone to keep it in repair. That was back in 1969. In the past decade a stream of painting, sculpture, pottery and other handcrafts has come from the lighthouse and spread Ferryland's name across Canada. The arrangement has worked to everyone's satisfaction.

The new people—the few who have settled here from outside—make no effort to change the town. They like it just the way it is. And so do the people who grew up watching the sun dance among its islands, and the snow sweep over The Gaze from the caribou lands beyond.



Back from Australia, Peter and Jo Morry

lars from wrecked ships risked their lives to save the castaways. On a wild winter night in the bleak Thirties, Howard Morry and a few companions plucked my cousin, Captain Ed Burke, and his crew from the ice-sheathed rocks of an offshore island where their schooner had driven ashore. Working with ropes in freezing spray where one false step would plunge them into the surf, they saved half a dozen men who otherwise would have been dead before dawn. Thousands were rescued, but other thousands were not, and many lie unidentified, in unmarked graves, along the shore.

Such tragedies seem not to have dampened anyone's spirits. There is no gloom in Ferryland, but a mood of optimism, buoyancy and good cheer, with dancing, singing and continuing touches

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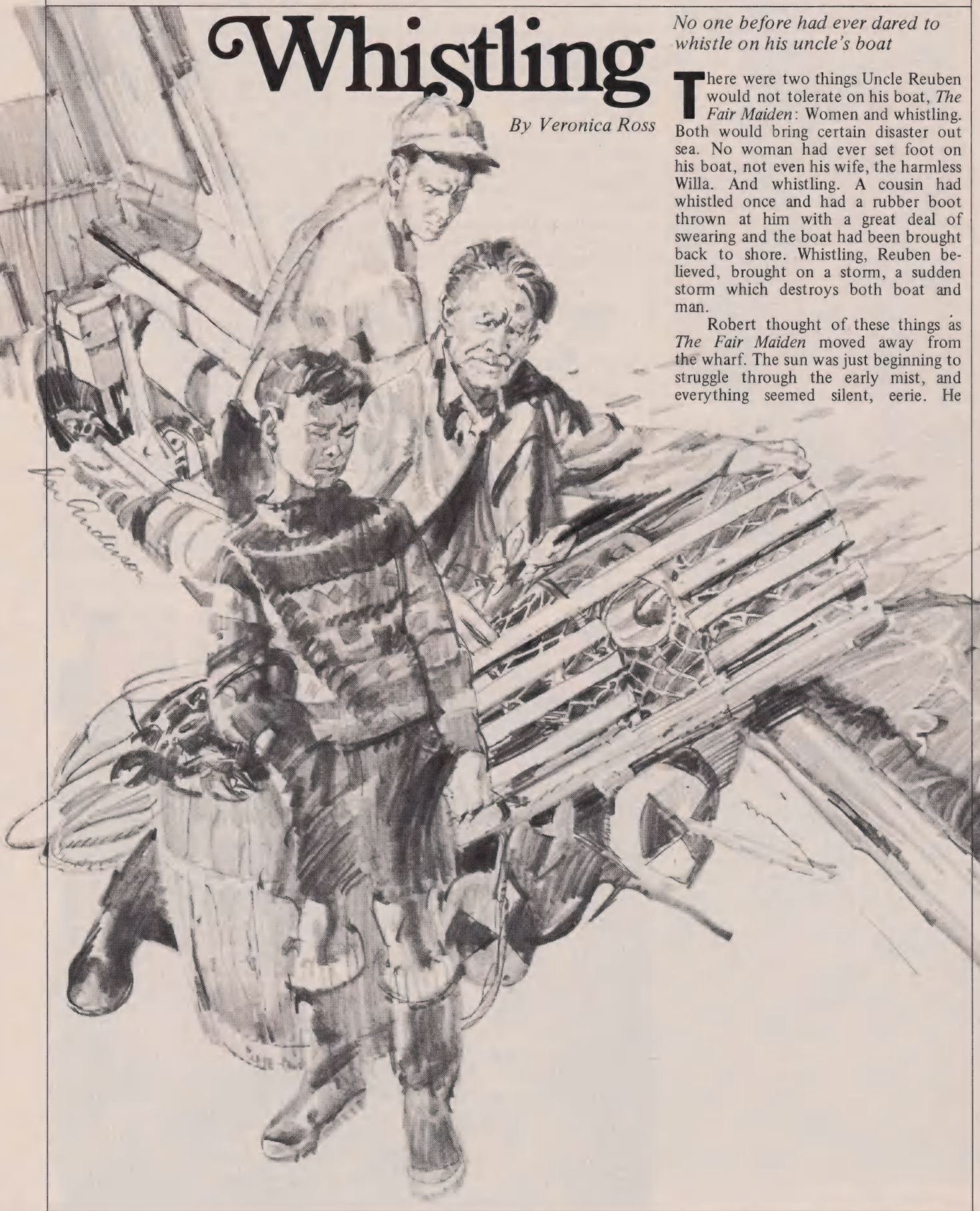
Whistling

By Veronica Ross

No one before had ever dared to whistle on his uncle's boat

There were two things Uncle Reuben would not tolerate on his boat, *The Fair Maiden*: Women and whistling. Both would bring certain disaster out sea. No woman had ever set foot on his boat, not even his wife, the harmless Willa. And whistling. A cousin had whistled once and had a rubber boot thrown at him with a great deal of swearing and the boat had been brought back to shore. Whistling, Reuben believed, brought on a storm, a sudden storm which destroys both boat and man.

Robert thought of these things as *The Fair Maiden* moved away from the wharf. The sun was just beginning to struggle through the early mist, and everything seemed silent, eerie. He



shivered, thinking, *Stupid old man*. He felt quite removed from everything. Uncle Reuben was busy with the motor, and Egon, the young hired helper, was silently working with the ropes. The men seemed like sleepwalkers, but sleepwalkers with a purpose. *Chauvinistic, ignorant old fool*.

That's what his mother used to say every year, driving down to Nova Scotia for the annual week at Uncle Reuben's place. His father always told the old stories, about how Uncle Reuben had seen a ghost out sea, about how as a boy of 16 he had received his first drink aboard *The Fair Maiden*. It was like a ritual: His father telling stories, his mother scoffing behind her sunglasses, reading a magazine, and he in the back seat, warmed by both the stories and coastal scenery.

But this year everything had been different. They'd driven in silence, all three of them in the front seat, with his mother not reading, but gazing firmly at the bleak, rocky seacoast she disliked so much, maybe because she knew she would never have to see it again. Therefore, this last time, she could take it in without pretending to be anywhere else. His parents were getting a divorce. His father had already moved out. In September, Robert and his mother were moving to California. She was going to marry a professor of English she had met when taking courses two years ago. They were going to live in a white stucco house beside the Pacific Ocean with this strange man and his two daughters. His father would remain in Toronto. They were selling most of the furniture. His father had already moved out of the hotel room and found a small apartment.

This visit was just a pretence—a show for Granna, as they called his grandmother, who was dying of cancer and did not know, and must not know, about the divorce.

It all seemed unreal to Robert. He had imagined the bickering would just go on for years, until his parents were both old people. Now, he wished he and his mother had gone straight to California, even though he told himself he would hate it. His mother had visited the professor at Easter and had actually said, "Those poor girls. They need a mother."

How could this be? he wondered, trying to get warm in the cuddy.

"Pass me the knife there, boy," Uncle Reuben said.

He passed it. No one spoke much this early in the day. Of course, Reuben knew about the divorce. Robert wanted desperately to dislike him now, to get the week over as soon as possible. How could everything be so ordinary? How could he say, "Goin' fishin' with me tomorrow, boy? Think you can keep

your breakfast down now?" It was a joke. The first time he had gone out with him, he had been eight years old, five years ago, and had spent the morning being sick over the side. Reuben hadn't brought him in; he had passed crackers and bananas, the first to have something in his stomach, the second to make the coming-up easier. Aunt Willa had packed them in the box with the other food. Later that afternoon, the sickness had gone, and he had helped with the fish. And later, he remembered: Uncle Reuben baiting trawl, he sitting on a rock, watching a swallow. "They fly all the way to Africa sometimes," he told Uncle Reuben, who had repeated, "Africa?" with that same look in his eye he got out at sea sometimes, a faraway, dreamy look.

"Goin' to get his sea legs after all," Uncle Reuben had said at supper. Not dinner; they called it supper. "Smart boy."

Now, five years later, he thought, *I should whistle*.

Reuben with his ain't's.

Superstitious old Reuben, not allowing a woman on his dumb old boat.

Can't he ever wear anything besides those old wool pants and rubber boots?

Look how dumb they acted that time they visited us. Rude, too. Couldn't wait to get back, and after we showed them all those museums and took them to all those shows and restaurants. Reuben and Willa, dressed up, uncomfortable, just sitting there silently that time those friends of his mother's had come, the Buglers, who wanted to play charades. Literary charades. There'd been a fight about that, later on, after Reuben and Willa had left. "How can you be so cruel?" his father had yelled, and his mother had responded in that icy tone, "We were only doing what perfectly ordinary civilized people do all the time."

"The reason he's uneducated is because of me. He went fishing so I could stay in school. I owe him something."

"He has the house. That's worth something."

"Oh go to hell."

His mother was right. *Dumb, stupid old Reuben*.

The sun was coming up now, turning the water blue instead of the slate-grey it had been earlier. Already the land was just a dot in the distance.

"Sleepin' the day away?" Uncle Reuben's face was friendly, wide awake now. "Come on out. Gotta do your share, same as everyone else." And to Egon who was rolling a smoke, "These city slickers, they'd sleep the day away if you let 'em."

Egon grinned, winked. Robert climbed out of the cuddy, Uncle Reuben's thick hand falling on his shoulder.

Who does he think he is anyway? Robert thought, going to help Egon with the ropes. *Bossing me around and everything*.

They worked all morning, hauling in the lobster traps. There were hundreds of them, it seemed, and each one, marked by a red buoy, had to be hauled up by hand. The nylon ropes burned into his hands. Haul, haul, haul, and suddenly there it was, the wooden trap. Out with the lobsters, in with the bait, throw it back. Egon took his shirt off. *Neanderthal man*, Robert thought. When Uncle Reuben hauled his traps, his face became completely serious, just like his father's face was when he brought papers home from the office at night and worked on them at the dining room table. Uncle Reuben looked like his father, with the same straight but somehow carved features, except that his skin was darker, more wrinkled. Granna had said he resembled Reuben too. Huh!

"Gonna' get myself one of those automatic haulers," Reuben said, the first words he had spoken for what seemed like hours.

"Yeah," Egon agreed, wiping his forehead with the back of his arm.

"Soon's I get that new radar rig paid off. Hungry boy?"

Robert shrugged.

"Seal out there," Egon remarked, rolling another smoke.

"See out there, boy? Take a look. Smartest damn creatures the Lord ever created. Go on, take a look."

Robert glanced. There it was, in the distance, a bobbing black form. Then he turned away.

"Hear about that dead whale?" Egon asked, throwing his cigarette into the water. "They say it's dead."

"Gonna be a real stink." Uncle Reuben passed cups of scalding tea.

All they ever talk about is fishing, Robert thought, seeing his mother's face. Last night the two couples had played cards in the kitchen. Willa had been chatty, gossipy, then tearful, as she discussed Granna who was sleeping upstairs. Reuben had said, winking, "You women, you gab all the time. Play cards!" Before, this would have brought a witty retort from his mother, but last night she had merely shrugged and looked bored. With her streaked hair and red nails, she looked like a different person. Everything about her seemed to say, I don't care, I'm far removed from all this. Sometimes he thought his father looked at his mother in a funny way. *Perhaps they'll make up*. His father had had tears in his eyes after he'd seen Granna and had made a strange noise in his throat. For a minute, his mother made a gesture towards his father and Robert had thought, *She'll touch him and*

Fiction

then everything will be all right again. But nothing happened like that. His father went to stand by the window, looking out at the field where as a boy he'd played baseball and which he had once accidentally set on fire. His mother had gone in to say hello to Granna, and had emerged from the bedroom looking sad but dry-eyed. It was all so complicated. His father had been cruel too, had said mean things to his mother. But they always took a familiar path to hurt each other.

Seeing the old white family house standing on the hill as they drove up, Robert had had the feeling that this, at least, was simple and secure, sure in its patterns of life: Willa cooking supper, Reuben waiting, after he had washed up, with his sleeves rolled back to his elbows. Willa with her church group and sewing circle and Reuben with his cronies at the fish wharf. And yet, when one needed the other, they just sort of came together without any words being spoken. Willa had appeared suddenly out the back door, dish towel in hand, clothespins in her mouth, and right then, the heavy, leaden silence had made the house and the life in it all too near, much too ordinary, so that it, too, became oppressive. Robert had told himself he'd probably never see it again anyway.

"How's Myrtle?" Egon asked. Myrtle was Granna.

"Ailing. Can't last too much longer."

"Good they came then, Bill and them." Bill was Robert's father.

"Mighty glad she was to see them, too. Minister's supposed to come today."

"When I go, I hope it's like this." Egon snapped his fingers.

"Me too. Don't want no one lookin' after me, cryin' and goin' on. If I had my way, I'd be buried out sea. Hard to do that nowadays though." The pot was boiling. Robert watched as Reuben slid the lobsters in, pouring salt on them and quickly putting the lid on. The lid lifted; a claw appeared. Reuben pushed the lid down firmly.

I ought to let the lobsters go, Robert thought. Wonder what they'd do.

I should whistle.

"Never get this kind of feed in the city, boy," Reuben said.

Egon laughed. "You can say that again."

"We've eaten lobsters in restaurants before."

"Sure," Reuben said. "I've seen 'em. If they're fresh, I'm a monkey's uncle. Nothing like when they come right out of the water. Remember when

we had those tinkers, Egon?"

"Whole burlap bag full."

"Ate all night. Best damn feed I ever had."

"Whisky helped too." Egon winked.

All he ever does is wink.

"Sometime you're down here, we'll get you a real feed." Reuben told Robert. "Like nothing you ever seen before."

Can't you talk proper English?

"I'm going to California. We're going to live right by the Pacific Ocean where you can go surfing and everything."

Did a look pass between the two men? And how come his voice had been so weak, almost shaky?

"Oh well, you'll be back. Maybe you can stay longer."

"It's real far away."

"That's what they make airplanes for, eh Egon?"

"Yeah, planes fly every day." Egon rolled another cigarette.

Why can't he buy them?

"And they don't have lobsters out there, on the Pacific."

"They have lots of other things." He went to stand away from them, with his back to them. He hadn't meant to mention the move in the fall. And in that sissified little voice, too! He watched the screeching, ugly gulls. At the wharf, there was one that ate right out of Reuben's hand. Reuben had named it Henry. He always fed the stupid things. Now a bread crust flew through the air and the birds converged on it, screaming greedily.

"Come get a bite of dinner. Get somethin' in your stomach, boy."

"I'm not hungry."

"Not hungry? On the water all morning and not hungry? Don't be so foolish. Come and eat."

He went. They were shelling the lobsters. "Bet you won't get a feed like this for a long time. Tastes best out sea. Have to save some out for your mother. She likes 'em made up into that stuff with that sauce. Makes it real good," he said to Egon. "Never tasted it before. Cream and wine and stuff. Different, but it sure is good." To Robert: "Here. Claws are the best, boy." He passed things: Butter, bread, more tea, cookies. "No more crackers and bananas," Egon joked.

Robert glowered, spilled his tea. Reuben threw him a rag. "Wipe it up, boy. Keep things shipshape."

I hate you, I hate you, I hate you.

He wiped the spilled tea. The rag was turning grey. Dirty boat. They had forgotten all about him, and were already discussing how much they

would get for the lobsters at the pound.

There were another 30 traps to be hauled after lunch. *Dinner.* Robert went to sit in the cuddy and Reuben left him alone. Perhaps they had decided to ignore him? He began to pick the paint off the side of the cuddy.

I'm going to whistle, he thought, carefully peeling off one long strip of white paint. *I'll go out and whistle and there won't be a thing they can do about it, not here, right in the middle of the sea, miles away from land. I'll whistle and whistle and drive him crazy.*

He went out and whistled.

Uncle Reuben stopped hauling, let go of the rope, and turned around slowly.

"Don't do that again, boy," he said softly, too softly.

He did it again, his hands in his pocket, a silly grin on his face.

Uncle Reuben swore. "Jesus old goddamn Christ, you do that again you little bastard...." He shook his fist.

Egon laughed. "Gonna bring up a storm boy." But he looked scared and motioned for him to stop.

"Try and stop me." Robert faced his uncle, his hands still in his pocket. "Nothing you can do about it. I hope your dumb boat sinks and that you drown."

He started to whistle again, this time to the tune of "Yankee Doodle Dandy."

Wasn't he going to do anything? He kept whistling and whistling, moving closer to his uncle, who stood with his hands by his side, away from his body, as though he were ready to strike him. Almost up to him, a foot away from him, he whistled right at him, his face set in an almost painful expression of ridicule and hatred, swaying slightly to the tune of the song as though he had a harmonica. In the background, he could see Egon hovering.

He began to tap his foot to the tune of the song.

Reuben hit him on the shoulder, pushing him a bit.

He stopped. Everything, everything seemed to fall down and apart and back together again in a completely different shape. He began to cry, saying over and over again, "I hate you, I hate you, I hate you."

"You get in that cuddy!" Another push. "You get in there and keep your trap shut or you'll get a good hidin' from me!" He was growling, as Willa would say. "Damn little bastard," Reuben went on, his voice as familiar and as welcome as the first sight of the family house, built over a hundred years ago, where nothing ever changed. ☒

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Ray Guy's column

"Slope-browed, gin-sodden bullies" and other charmers at Nfld.'s helm

More than a vestige of the old quarterdeck mentality sticks yet to Newfoundland politics. There's crew and there's captain. When a captain is piped aboard, the assembled crew shuffles and fidgets in fatalistic apprehension. There are darting side glances at the new commander in search of first clues to the tenor of the voyage. Is he a bottle-a-day man? Will the cat-o'-nine-tails get the odd day off? Is he another puritanical fanatic? Does he carry ballbearings in his pocket?

Thus it was in the beginning, four centuries or so ago, and so it has continued with startling regularity to the present day. Apart from a few abortive attempts at "formal" colonization in the earliest days, the tone was set in the seventeenth century by a load of beauties—the first Newfoundland premiers—who were known as Fishing Admirals. The form of their elevation to office was chastely simple. The captain of the first vessel to enter a Newfoundland harbor in April—most people in those times went back to spend their winters in Mother England—became the lord and master of that harbor until all hands set sail in late fall. He decided who went to the whipping post, who lived on the best parts of the beach, who'd be sentenced to a month or so of slave labor, and who'd have the honor of greasing his boots in the mornings.

If you want to get some sort of grip on the realities of Newfoundland politics, it is imperative that you first understand Fishing Admirals. We had a century or so of those graceless bastards—our political foundation stones—followed by another century or two of what were called Naval Governors. England soon found a useful description for Newfoundland: "A great ship moored conveniently near to the Grand Banks...which are richer than the gold mines of Peru" and, for generation upon generation, provided captain governors to match it.

Among these was a high percentage of slope-browed, gin-sodden, illiterate bullies whose legacy is the names of the main streets of St. John's City and the novel attitude Newfoundlanders still take with them to the polling booth. Their only mandate was to instill a lively fear of God, King and Country (Mother) into the below-decks scum. Their sailing orders were as simple as that. As has been said of one of these

charmers..."what the inhabitants of Newfoundland wanted roasted, he was to give to them raw, and what they wanted raw he was to give to them roasted."

There was an interval, in the early half of this century, when some slight trace of democracy and self-government reared its tender head. But, by this time, the concept of quarterdeck politics was so ingrained in the "tribal memory" (as today's phrase has it) that nothing came of it but a disheartening shambles. We got native-born captains who called themselves Prime Ministers and for a time, we were the Dominion of Newfoundland, a sort of New Zealand to Canada's Australia. We had our own stamps and money. If we wanted to go to either the States or Canada we had to stand before men in uniform in dirty, drafty sheds at either Ellis Island or North Sydney and present pictures of our own lungs to prove we weren't coming to hawk and spit TB germs all over these two foreign countries.

Native-born governors didn't work. It was too early. They can scarcely be blamed, poor devils, for tumbling into the long and powerful pattern of the Fishing Admirals. So Newfoundland went bankrupt (the wood pulp and the fish and the minerals having been syphoned off to support Great Halls in England) and so, from 1933 to 1949, England gave us in return some latter-day Fishing Admirals. A conservative country, is England.

They were the Commission of Government for Newfoundland. For 16 years of our recent history, there was no such thing as a polling booth. Our governors met in secret in the stateroom and ruled by decree, announced each day at eight bells.

Then, in 1949, there rises up from the below-decks scum a proper little sea-lawyer if ever there was one, Joey Smallwood. "On the one hand," cries he, "we'll dump all our descendants of Captain Bligh for the past 400 years into leaky lifeboats and let them row for dear life and the coast of Borneo... and on the other hand, I've got for you the Canadian baby bonus and a duty-free selection of goods from Eaton's Catalogue."

Smallwood couldn't carry it off either. The very idea of a Fishing Admiral risen from below decks—that

notion plus Canadian equalization grants—bemused us for 23 years and then we saw that Smallwood was a fraud, that while he made some of the old buccaneers walk the plank he found it necessary to replace them with a new gang of privateers like, to name two, John Shaheen and John C. Doyle. All guff, no guts.

We bolted then to a direct linear descendant of the first Fishing Admiral who ever stepped ashore in Newfoundland, Skipper Frank Duff Moores. His daddy was a fish merchant. Enough said. A thrill of recognition shot through your good old tribal memory lobes at the appearance of Moores. He turned out to be (God be thanked) a benign and ruddy-faced old Vice-Admiral who brought on board a magnificent supply of Madeira for his stateroom lockers. We have sailed around in happy circles for the past seven years.

In the middle of the cold and hungry month of March, the smiling gold Vice-Admiral decided to abandon his commission and trotted off down the gangplank. Then we piped aboard... Oh, God of our Fathers, support us yet! It is the young Admiral Brian Peckford. The hair rises on the back of the neck. A fresh cat-o'-nine-tails hangs on a marlin spike just behind his shoulder. A tub of pickle into which the nine-fold thongs will be dipped has been pushed into position at his feet. At first side-long glance, we see a chilling gleam in his eye and hear a gut-churning snap in his voice. And he commissioned at such a tender age. His father was a policeman and flashed a Sam Browne belt.

I apologize, dear Nova Scotians and New Brunswickers and Islanders for inflicting this scatterry and curious history of Newfoundland on you. But I am told you are a little worried and troubled now and face a future centred on the air-tight, cast-iron, wood-burning stove. Mercy me. A self-indulgent smattering of Newfoundland history is not that hard to take, is it, compared to the alternative? A crash course in Islamic studies and your hand chopped off at the wrist if you dare to tell Musselman jokes.

We won't see you stuck. You may have your oil and gas. The glory of Newfoundland is that the crew of this great ship was never, in 400 years, brutal or sadistic or bullying. These were the attributes of our common enemy, the Captain. Captain Peckford? If he doesn't shape up, he will disappear over the side, one dark night. We have come that far, now, in Newfoundland. ☒

Matinée Mildness

A romantic scene of a man and a woman sitting on a beach at sunset. The man is on the left, leaning back on his hand, and the woman is on the right, looking towards him. They are sitting on the sand under the shade of a large tree. In the background, the ocean is visible with a few sailboats on the horizon. In the foreground, two packs of Matinée cigarettes are displayed. The pack on the left is yellow and labeled 'Matinée' with a crown logo and '25 CIGARETTES'. The pack on the right is white and labeled 'Matinée Extra Mild' with a crown logo and '25 CIGARETTES • KING SIZE'. Several cigarettes are visible protruding from the top of the white pack.

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